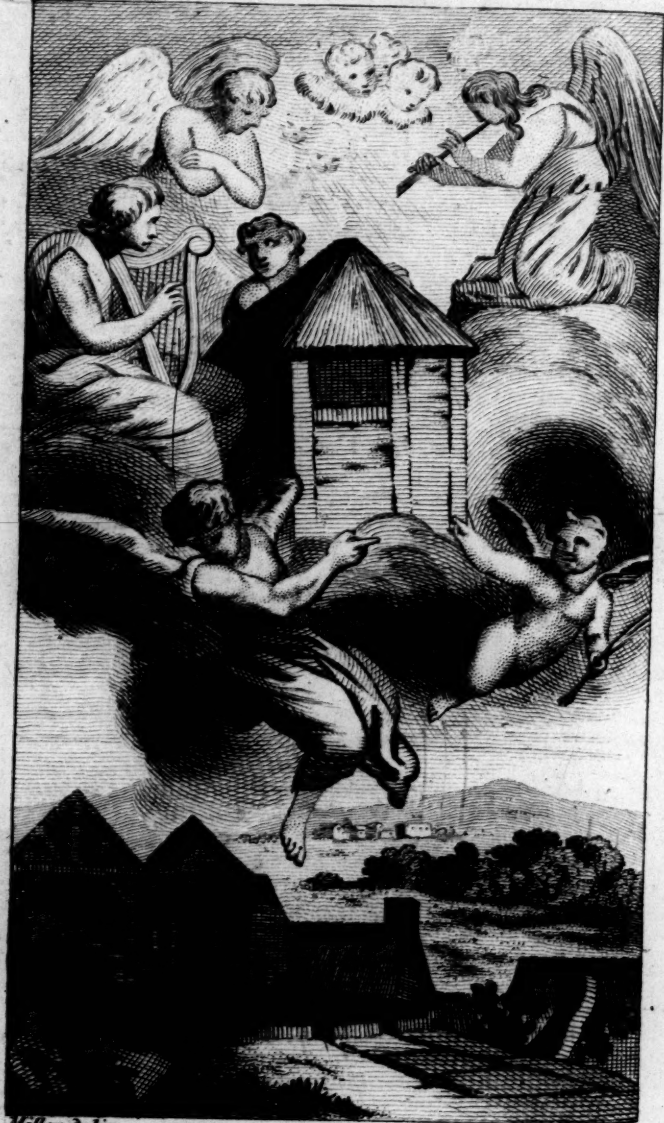


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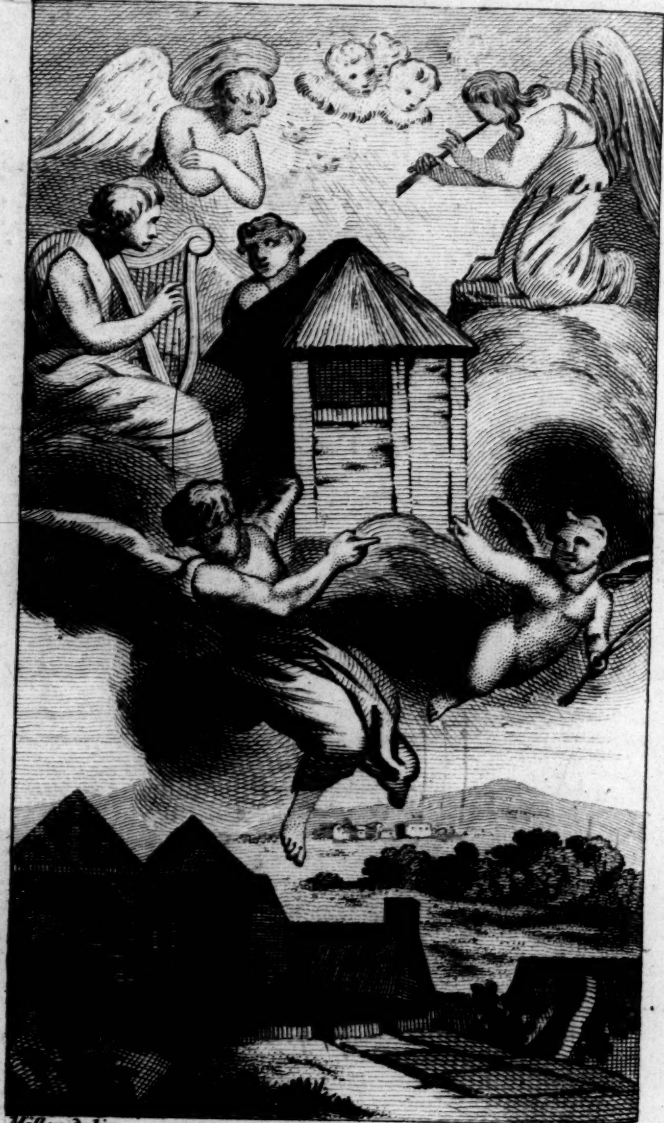
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Flight of the Chapel of Loretto.

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POLITE TRAVELLER:

Part. 2.
BEING A

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OF PART OF

Italy, Spain, Portugal, and Africa.

CONTAINING,

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| An Account of the miraculous Liquefaction of the Blood of St. Januarius. | Description of the whimsical Palace of the Prince of Patagonia. |
| The Business of Love, as carried on in Italy, compared with the Customs of other Nations. | The celebrated Burial-place near Palermo. |
| Account of the celebrated Chapel of Loretto, and its miraculous Flight. | Extraordinary Anecdotes of a Capuchin Friar. |
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| Character of the Sicilians. | New Description of the Cape of Good Hope. |
| | Method of hunting the Elephant, &c. &c. |

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T H E

POLITE TRAVELLER.

*Account of the miraculous Liquefaction of the
Blood of ST. JANUARIUS, at NAPLES.*

B EING at Naples on the first Sunday in May, we had an opportunity of seeing the famous Neopolitan miracle performed, which is called the Liquefaction of the Blood of St. Januarius. This saint is the patron of Naples, which circumstance alone forms a strong presumption of his being a saint of very considerable power and efficacy ; for it is not to be imagined, that the care of a city, like Naples, which is threatened every moment with destruction from mount Vesuvius, would be entrusted to an under-strapper. Indeed there has, on some occasions, been reason to fear, that great and powerful as this Saint is, the Dæmon of the mountain would have got the better of him. However, as St. Januarius

has been hitherto able to protect them, and is supposed to be improved in the science of defence by long practice, the Neopelicans think it more prudent to abide by him than choose another, who, though he may possibly be of higher rank and older standing, cannot have equal experience in so critical a business.

About the end of the third century, St. Januarius suffered martyrdom. When he was beheaded, a pious lady of Naples caught about an ounce of his blood, which has been carefully preserved in a bottle ever since, without having lost a single grain of its weight. This of itself, were it equally demonstrable, might be considered as a greater miracle than the circumstance, on which the Neapolitans lay the whole stress, namely, that the blood which has congealed, and acquired a solid form by age, is no sooner brought near the head of the saint, than, as a mark of veneration, it immediately liquefies. This experiment is made three different times every year, and is considered as a miracle of the first magnitude by the Neapolitans.

Some have asserted, that the substance in the bottle, which is exhibited for the blood of the saint, is something naturally solid, but which melts with a small degree of heat. "When it is first brought out of the cold chapel, (says those gentlemen) it is in its natural solid state; but when brought before the saint by the priest, and rubbed between his warm hands, and breathed upon for some time, it melts; and this is the whole mystery."

Though

Though I find myself unable to explain on what principle the liquefaction depends, I am fully convinced it must be something different from this; for I had it from the most satisfactory authority, that this congealed mass has sometimes been found in a liquid state in cold weather, before it was touched by the priest, or brought near the head of the saint; and that, on other occasions, it has remained solid when brought before him, notwithstanding all the efforts of the priest to melt it. When this happens, the superstitious, which, at a very moderate calculation, comprehends ninety-nine out of an hundred of the inhabitants of Naples, are thrown into the utmost consternation, and are sometimes wrought up by their fears into a state of mind, which is highly dangerous both to their civil and ecclesiastical governors.

It is true, that this happens but seldom; for, in general, the substance in the phial, whatever it may be, is in a solid form in the chapel, and becomes liquid when brought before the saint. But as this is not always the case, it affords reason to believe, that, when this miracle or trick, call it which you please, was first exhibited, the principle on which it depends has somehow or other been lost, and is not now understood fully even by the priests themselves; or else they are not now so expert, as formerly, in preparing the substance which represents the saint's blood, so as to make it liquefy the instant it is re-

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quired,

quired, and to make it remain solid when it ought.

The head and blood of the saint are kept in a kind of press, with folding doors of silver, in the chapel of St. Januarius, belonging to the cathedral church. The real head is probably not so fresh and well preserved as the blood, and on that account is not exposed to the eyes of the public, but is enclosed in a large silver bust, gilt and enriched with jewels of a great value. This being what appears to the people, their ideas of the saint's features and complexion are taken entirely from the bust. As to the blood, that is kept in a small repository by itself,

The bust, inclosing the real head, was brought out about noon with great solemnity, and placed under a kind of portico, open on all sides, that the different communities which come in procession might be able to traverse it, and that the people might have the comfort of beholding the miracle. The processions of that solemn day were innumerable; all the streets of Naples were crowded with the various orders of ecclesiastics, dressed in their richest robes. The monks of each convent were mustered under their own particular banners, a splendid cross was carried before each procession, and the images, in massy silver, of the saints, peculiarly patronising the convents, following the cross. In this order they marched from the convents to the pavilion, under which the head of St. Januarius

was

was placed, and having done due obeisance to that great protector of Naples, they marched back by a different rout, in the same order, to their convents.

The principal procession began when the others had finished. It was composed of a numerous body of the clergy, and an immense multitude of people of all ranks, headed by the archbishop of Naples himself, who carried the phial containing the blood of the saint. We were conducted to a house directly opposite to the portico, where the sacred head was placed, and here we found a large assembly of Neapolitan nobility. A magnificent robe of velvet, richly embroidered, was thrown over the shoulders of the bust; a mitre, resplendent with jewels, was placed on its head; and the archbishop, with a solemn face, and a look full of awe and veneration, approached, holding forth the sacred phial which contained the precious lump of blood. He addressed the saint in the humblest manner, fervently praying, that he would graciously condescend to manifest his regard to his faithful votaries, the people of Naples, by the usual token of ordering that lump of his sacred blood to assume its natural and original form. In these prayers he was joined by the multitude around, particularly by the women, of whom there seemed more than their proportion.

My curiosity prompted me to leave the balcony, and mingle with the multitude, when I got by degrees near the bust. Twenty

minutes had already elapsed, since the archbishop had been praying with all possible earnestness, and turning the phial round and round without any effect. An old monk stood near the archbishop, and was at the utmost pains to instruct him how to handle, chase, and rub the phial. He frequently took it into his own hands; but his manœuvres were as ineffectual as those of the archbishop. By this time the people were become exceedingly noisy, the women were quite hoarse with praying, the monk continued his operations with repeated zeal, and the archbishop was all over in a profuse sweat with vexation. In whatever light the failure of the miracle might appear to others, it was a very serious matter to him; because the people consider such an event as a proof of the saint's displeasure, and a certain indication that some dreadful calamity will ensue. This was the first opportunity he had of officiating since his nomination to the see, and there was no knowing what fancy might have entered into the heads of a superstitious populace; they might have imagined, or his enemies might have insinuated, that the failure of the miracle proceeded from the saint's disapprobation of the person in whose hands it was to have taken place. I never saw more evident marks of vexation and alarm than appeared in the countenance of the right reverend prelate. This alone would have convinced me, that they cannot command the liquefaction always when they please.

While

While things were in this state, I observed a gentleman come hastily through the croud, and speak to the old monk, who in a pretty loud voice, and with an accent and grimace very expressive of chagrin, replied, “ ’Sblood! it is as hard as a stone!” At the same time, an acquaintance whispered me, that it would be prudent to retire; because the mob, on similar occasions, have been struck with a notion, that the operation of the miracle was disturbed by the presence of heretics, on which account they are apt to insult them. I directly took his hint, and joined the company I had left. An universal gloom had overspread all their countenances, they talked to each other in whispers, and seemed oppressed with grief and contrition. One very beautiful young lady cried and sobbed as if her heart had been ready to break. The passions of some of the rabble without doors took a different turn; instead of sorrow, they were filled with rage and indignation at the saint’s obstinacy. They put him in mind of the zeal with which he was adored by people of all ranks in Naples; of the honours which had been conferred on him; that he was respected here more than in any other country on earth; and some went so far as to call him, an old, ungrateful, yellow-faced rascal for his obstinacy. It was now almost dark, and, when least expected, the signal was given that the miracle was performed. The populace filled the air with repeated shouts of joy, a band of music began to play, Te Deum was sung, and
couriers

couriers were dispatched to the royal family, then at Portici, with the glad tidings; the young lady dried up her tears, the countenances of our company brightened up in an instant, and they sat down to cards without farther dread of eruptions, earthquakes, or pestilence.

The Business of LOVE, as carried on in ITALY, compared with the Customs of other Nations.

IN a country where men are permitted to speak and write without restraint on the measures of government; where almost every citizen may flatter himself with a hope of becoming a part of the legislature; where eloquence, popular talents, and political intrigues, lead to honours, and open a broad road to wealth and power; men, after the first glow of youth is past, are more obedient to the loud voice of Ambition than to the whispers of Love. But in despotic states, and in monarchies which verge towards despotism, where the will of the prince is law; where it is dangerous to speak or write on general politics, and where death or imprisonment are the consequences, love becomes a first, instead of being a secondary object; for ambition

bition is, generally speaking, a more powerful passion than love; and, on this account, women are the objects of greater attention and respect in despotic, than in free countries.

Love is but a formal piece of business in the courts of Germany; etiquette governs the arrows of Cupid, as well as the torch of Hy-men. Wives are there chosen more from the numbers of quarters on their family coats of arms, than from the number of their personal charms; and those ladies who are well provided with the first, are seldom without lovers, however deficient they may be in the second. But though many avenues, which in England lead to power and distinction, are shut up in Germany, and the whole power of government is vested in the sovereign, yet the young nobility cannot bestow a great deal of their time in gallantry. The military profession, which in the time of peace is perfect idleness in France and England, is a very serious and unremitting employment in Germany. Men who are continually drilling soldiers, and whose fortunes and reputations depend on the expertness of the troops under their command, cannot pay a great deal of attention to the ladies.

Every French gentleman must be a soldier; but fighting is the only part of the business they go through with spirit. They cannot submit to the German precision in discipline, their souls sink under the tediousness of a campaign, and they languish for a battle from the impetuosity of their disposition, and impatience to have the

the matter decided one way or the other. The French nobility serve an apprenticeship to war, but gallantry is the profession they follow for life.

In England, the spirit of play and of party draws the minds of the young men of fortune from love or gallantry. Those who spend their evenings at a gaming-house, or in parliament, seldom think of any women but such as may be had without trouble; and, of course, women of character are less attended to in England than in some other countries. Intrigues of gallantry, comparatively speaking, occur but seldom in England; and when they do, they generally proceed from a violent passion, to which every consideration of fortune and reputation is sacrificed, and the business concludes in a flight to the continent, or a divorce.

In France things are managed quite differently; for in that country you hardly ever hear of flights or divorces. An hundred new arrangements are made, and as many old ones broken, in a week at Paris, without noise or scandal, and all is conducted quietly and by rule. The fair sex are the universal objects of respect and adoration, and yet there is no such thing as constancy in the nation. Wit, beauty, and every accomplishment united in one woman, could not fix the volatility of a Frenchman; the love of variety, and the vanity of new conquests, would make him abandon this phoenix, for one less rare and estimable. The women in France, who are full

full of spirit and sensibility, could never endure such usage, if they were not as fickle and as fond of new conquests as their lovers.

In Italy, such levity is viewed with contempt, and constancy is, by both sexes, still classed among the virtues. That high veneration for the fair sex, which prevailed in the ages of chivalry, continued long after in the form of a sentimental Platonic kind of gallantry. Every man of ingenuity chose unto himself a mistress, and directly proclaimed her beauty and her cruelty in love ditties, madrigals, and elegies, without expecting any other recompence than the reputation of a constant lover and a good poet. By the mere force of imagination, and the eloquence of their own metaphysical sonnets, they became persuaded, that their mistresses were possessed of every accomplishment of face and mind, and that themselves were dying for love.

As in those days women were constantly guarded by their fathers and brothers before marriage, and watched and confined by their husbands for the rest of their lives, the refined passions just described were not exposed to the same accidents, which so frequently befall those of modern lovers. But while the women were adored in song, they were miserable in reality; confinement and distress made them detest their husbands, and they endeavoured to form connections with men, more to their taste than their jealous husbands or metaphysical lovers. To treat a woman of character
as

as if she were an unprincipled wanton, is the most likely way to make her one.

When French manners began to spread over Europe, and to insinuate themselves among nations the most opposite in character to the French, jealousy was first held up as the most detestable of all the passions. The law had long declared against its dismal effects, and awful denunciations had been pronounced from the pulpit against those who were inflamed with its bloody spirit; but without effect, till ridicule joined in the argument, and exposed those husbands to the contempt and derision of every fashionable society, who harboured the gloomy dæmon in their bosoms. As in England, after the Restoration, people, to shew their aversion to the Puritans, turned every appearance of religion into ridicule, and from the extreme of hypocrisy flew at once to that of profligacy; so in Italy, from the custom of secluding the wife from all mankind but her husband, it became the fashion that she should never be seen with her husband, and yet always have a man at her elbow, to attend her wherever she went.

Before the Italian husbands could adopt or reconcile their minds to a custom so opposite to their former practice, they took some measures to secure a point, which they had always thought of the highest importance. Finding that confinement was a plan generally reprobated, and that any appearance of jealousy subjected a husband to ridicule, they agreed, that their wives should go into company,

pany, and attend public places, but always accompanied by a friend whom they could trust, and who, at the same time, should not be disagreeable to the wife. This compromise could not fail of being acceptable to the women, who plainly perceived, that they must be gainers by an alteration of the former system; and it soon became universal all over Italy, for the women to appear at public places leaning upon the arm of a man, who, from their frequently whispering together, was called her *Cicisbeo*. It was at the same time stipulated, that the lady, while abroad under his care, should converse with no other man but in his presence, and with his approbation; he was to be her gentleman-usher, her guardian, and friend.

At present the custom is, that this obsequious gentleman visits the lady every forenoon at the toilet, where the plan for passing the evening is agreed upon. He disappears before dinner; for it is usual all over Italy for the husband and wife to dine by themselves, except on great occasions, such as a public feast. After dinner, the husband retires, and the *cicisbeo* returns, and conducts the lady to the public walks, the circle, or the opera; he hands her about wherever she goes, presents her coffee, sorts her cards, and attends her with the most pointed assiduity till the amusements of the evening be over. He then accompanies her home, and delivers up his charge to the husband, who is then supposed to resume his authority.

Though the greatest harmony should subsist between the husband and wife, and though each should prefer the other's company to any other, still, such is the tyranny of fashion, they must separate every evening; he to play the humble servant to another woman, and she to be led about by another man. Notwithstanding this inconveniency, the couples who are in this predicament are certainly happier than those whose affections are not centered at home. Some very loving couples lament the cruelty of this separation; yet the world in general seem to be of opinion, that a man and his wife, who dine together every day, and lie together every night, may, with a proper exertion of philosophy, be able to support being asunder a few hours in the evening.

In many instances, the *cicisbeo* is a poor relation or humble friend, who, not being in circumstances to support an equipage, is happy to be admitted into all the societies, and to be carried about to public diversions, as an appendage to the lady. Many charges have been laid on the Italian ladies in point of inconstancy to their husbands, and of allowing too much freedom to their male attendants; but there are perhaps as few instances of conjugal infidelity in this country as in any other. I knew several instances, while I was at Florence, where the characters of the ladies were so well established, as not to be shaken in the opinion of either their acquaintances or husbands,

bands, although their cicisbeos were in every respect accomplished and agreeable.

However, whether the connection between them be supposed innocent or criminal, most Englishmen will be astonished how men can pass so much of their time with women. This, however, will appear less surprising, when they recollect, that the Italian nobility dare not intermeddle in politics, can find no employment in the army or navy, and that there are no such amusements in the country as hunting or drinking. In such a situation, if a man of fortune have no turn for gaming, what can he do? Even an Englishman, in those desperate circumstances, might be driven to the company and conversation of women, to lighten the burden of time. The Italians have persevered so long in this expedient, that however extraordinary it may seem to those who have never tried it, there can be no doubt that they will find it to succeed. They tell you, that nothing so effectually sooths the cares, and beguiles the tediousness of life, as the company of an agreeable woman; that though the intimacy should never exceed the limits of friendship, there is something more flattering and agreeable in it than in male friendship; and that they find the female heart more sincere, less interested, and warmer in its attachments.

What I have here mentioned is applicable only to the Italian nobility; for this system is unknown to the middle or lower ranks, who pass their time in the exercise of their pro-

fessions, and in the society of their wives and children, as in other countries. In that sphere of life, jealousy, which formed so strong a feature of the Italian character, is still to be found as strong as ever. He who attempts to visit the wife or mistress of any of the tradespeople, without their permission, is in no small danger of fatal consequences.

Account of the celebrated Chapel of LORETTO, and its MIRACULOUS FLIGHT.

LORETTO is a small town, in the marche of Ancona, in Italy, about an hundred and twelve miles north of Rome, and is situated on an eminence, about three miles from the sea. The road from Ancona to this place runs through a fine country, composed of a number of beautiful hills and intervening vallies. I expected to have found it a more magnificent, at least a more commodious town, for the accommodation of strangers; but the inn-keepers do not disturb the devotion of the pilgrims, by the luxuries of either bed or board.

All the world knows, that the Holy Chapel of Loretto was originally a small house in Nazareth, inhabited by the Virgin Mary, in which she was saluted by the Angel, and where she bred our Saviour. After their deaths,

deaths, it was held in great veneration by the Christians, and at length consecrated into a chapel, and dedicated to the Virgin; upon which occasion St. Luke made that identical image, which is still preserved here, and dignified with the name of our Lady of Loretto.

This sanctified edifice was allowed to continue in Galilee as long as that district was inhabited by Christians; but when infidels got possession of the country, a band of angels (as the Romish clergy tell us) to save it from pollution, took it into their arms, and conveyed it from Nazareth to a castle in Dalmatia. This fact might have been called in question by incredulous people, had it been performed in a secret manner; but, that it might be manifest to the most short-sighted spectator, and evident to all who were not perfectly deaf as well as blind, a blaze of celestial light, and a concert of divine music, accompanied it during the whole journey. Besides, when the angels, to rest themselves, set it down in a little wood near the road, all the trees of the forest bowed their heads to the ground, and continued in that respectful posture as long as the sacred chapel remained among them. But not having been entertained with suitable respect at the castle above mentioned, the same indefatigable angels carried it over the sea, and placed it in a field belonging to a noble lady, called Lauretta, from whence the chapel derives its name.

This field happened unfortunately to be frequented at that time by highwaymen and murderers; a circumstance, with which the angels undoubtedly were not acquainted when they placed it there. As soon as they were better informed, they removed it to the top of a hill belonging to two brothers, where they imagined it would be perfectly secure from the dangers of robbery or assassination; but the two brothers, the proprietors of the ground, being equally enamoured of their new visitor, became jealous of each other, quarrelled, fought, and fell by mutual wounds. After this fatal catastrophe, the angels in waiting finally removed the holy chapel to an eminence where it now stands, and has stood these four hundred years, having lost all relish for travelling any further.

In order to silence the captious objections of cavillers, and give full satisfaction to the candid enquirer, a deputation of respectable persons was sent from Loretto to the city of Nazareth, who, previous to their setting out, took the dimensions of the holy house with the most scrupulous exactness. On their arrival at Nazareth, they found the citizens scarcely recovered from their astonishment; for it may be easily supposed, that the sudden disappearance of a house from the middle of a town, would naturally occasion a considerable degree of surprise, even in the most philosophic mind. The landlords had been alarmed in a particular manner, and had made enquiries, and offered rewards all over Galilee, without

without having been able to get any satisfactory account of the fugitive. They felt their interest much affected by this incident; for, as houses had never before been considered as *moveables*, their value fell immediately. This indeed might be partly owing to some evil-minded persons, who, taking advantage of the public alarm, for selfish purposes, circulated a report, that several other houses were on the wing, and would most probably disappear in a few days.

This affair being so much the object of attention at Nazareth, and the builders in that city declaring, they would as soon build upon quick-sand as on the vacant space which the chapel had left at its departure, the deputies from Loretto had no difficulty in discovering the foundation of that edifice, which they carefully compared with the dimensions they had brought from Loretto, and found that they tallied exactly. Of this they made oath at their return; and in the mind of every rational person, it remains no longer a question, whether this is the real house the Virgin Mary inhabited, or not.

Many of these particulars are narrated, with other circumstances, in books which are sold here; but I have been informed of one circumstance, which has not hitherto been published in any book, and which, I make no doubt, you will think ought to be made known for the benefit of future travellers. In the morning, immediately before we left the inn to visit the holy chapel, an Italian servant,

vant, whom we engaged at Venice, took me aside, and told me, in a very serious manner, that strangers were apt frequently to break off little pieces of stone belonging to the chapel, in hopes that such precious relicks might bring them good fortune. He earnestly entreated me to do no such thing; for he knew a man of Venice, who had broken off a small corner of one of the stones, and slipped it into his breeches pocket unperceived; but, so far from bringing him good fortune, it had burnt its way out, like aqua fortis, before he left the chapel, and scorched his thighs in such a miserable manner, that he was not able to sit on horseback for a month. I thanked the man for his obliging hint, and assured him, that I would by no means be guilty of such sacrilegious theft.

The chapel stands at the further end of a large church of the most durable stone of Istria, which has been built around it. This may be considered as the external covering, or as a kind of great coat to the chapel, which has a smaller coat of more precious materials and workmanship nearer its body. This internal covering, or case, is of the choicest marble, and ornamented with basso relievos, the workmanship of the best sculptors which Italy could furnish in the reign of Leo the Tenth. The whole case is about fifty feet long, thirty in breadth, and the same in height; but the real house itself is no more than thirty-two feet in length, fourteen in breadth, and at the sides, about eighteen feet in

in height; the center of the roof is four or five feet higher. The walls of this little holy chapel are composed of pieces of reddish substance, of an oblong square shape, laid one upon another, in the manner of brick.

There is an inscription over the door, by which it appears, that any person who shall enter with arms is, *ipso facto*, excommunicated. There are also the severest denunciations against those, who carry away the smallest particle of the stone and mortar belonging to this chapel. The adventure of the burnt breeches I have just mentioned, and others of a similar nature, which are industriously circulated, have contributed as much as any denunciation to prevent such attempts. Had it not been for the impressions they have made, so great was the eagerness of the multitude to be possessed of any portion of this little edifice, that the whole would have been in danger of being carried away, not by the angels, but by piecemeal in the pockets of the pilgrims.

The inside of the holy house is divided into two unequal portions, by a kind of grate-work of silver. In the larger division, which may be considered as the main body of the house, the walls are left bare, to shew the true original fabric of Nazareth stones. These stones, which bear such a strong resemblance to Italian bricks, are loose in many places.

At the lower, or western wall, there is a window, through which, we were told, the Angel Gabriel entered at the Annunciation.

There

The architraves of this window are covered with silver. There are a great number of gold and silver lamps in this chapel; one of which, a present from the republic of Venice, is of gold, and weighs thirty-seven pounds; some of the silver lamps weigh from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and thirty pounds. At the upper end of the largest room is an altar, but so low, that from it you may see the famous image, which stands over the chimney in the small room, or sanctuary. Angels in gold and silver, of considerable size, kneel around her, some offering hearts of gold enriched with diamonds, and one an infant of pure gold. The wall of the sanctuary is plated with silver, and adorned with crucifixes, precious stones, and votive gifts of various kinds.

Behind the sanctuary is a small place, into which we were admitted, which is a favour seldom refused to strangers of a decent appearance. In this they shew the chimney, and some furniture, which, they pretend, belonged to the Virgin when she lived at Nazareth; particularly a little earthen porringer, out of which the infant used to eat. The pilgrims bring rosaries, little crucifixes, and Agnus Dei's, which the obliging priest shakes for half a minute in this dish; after which, it is believed, they acquire the virtue of curing various diseases, and prove an excellent preventative against all the temptations of Satan. The gown, which the image had on when the chapel arrived from Nazareth, is of red camblet, and carefully kept in a glass shrine.

The

The jewels and riches, to be seen at any one time in the holy chapel, are of small value, in comparison of those in the treasury, which is a large room adjoining to the vestry of the great church. In the presses of this room are kept those presents, which royal, noble, and rich bigots of all ranks have, by oppressing their subjects, and injuring their families, sent to this place. They consist of various utensils, and other things, in silver and gold; such as lamps, candlesticks, goblets, crowns, and crucifixes; lambs, eagles, saints, apostles, angels, virgins, and infants; cameos, pearls, gems, and precious stones of all kinds, and in great numbers. What is valued above all other jewels is, the miraculous pearl, wherein, they assert, Nature has given a faithful delineation of the Virgin, sitting on a cloud, with the infant Jesus in her arms. There was not room in the presses of the treasury, to hold all the silver pieces, which have been presented to the Virgin. It is said, that those pieces are occasionally melted down, by his Holiness the Pope, for the use of the state; and also, that the most precious of the jewels are picked out, and sold for the same purpose, false stones being substituted in their room.

A Journey to ROME, Description of ST. PETER'S CHURCH, the PANTHEON, the AMPHITHEATRE of VESPASIAN, and the Ceremony of the BEATIFICATION of a SAINT.

IN the course of our journey to Rome from Loretto, we had the Apennines to encounter; but the fatigue attending it was amply repaid by the beauty and variety of the views among those mountains. There are precipices and mountains among the Apennines, which do not appear contemptible even in the eyes of those who have travelled among the Alps; while, on the other hand, those delightful plains, contained within the bosom of the former, are infinitely superior, in beauty and fertility, to the vallies among the latter.

We now reached the rich province of Umbria, and soon after arrived at the town of Foligno, the situation of which is peculiarly happy. It stands in a charming valley, laid out in corn-fields and vineyards, intersected by mulberry and almond-trees, and watered by the river Clitumnus. The view terminates on one side by hills crowned with cities, and on the other by the loftiest mountains of the Apennines. I never experienced such a sudden and agreeable change of climate, as on descending from these mountains, in many places

places covered with snow, to this pleasant valley of Umbria.

Having passed over the highest of the Apennines, we then descended through a forest of olive-trees, to the fruitful valley in which Terni is situated, on the river Nera. The valley which stretches from Spoleto to Terni is exuberantly fertile, being finely exposed to the northern rays, and watered by the Nera, which, by its beauteous windings, divides the plain into peninsulas of various shapes.

Near this town is the famous cataract, which is usually visited by travellers, and which is highly worthy of exciting their curiosity. Innumerable streams from the highest Apennines, meeting in one channel, from the river Velino, which flows placidly, for some time, through a plain almost horizontal; and afterwards, when the river becomes more rapid by the contracting and sloping of the channel, the plain terminates of a sudden in a precipice three hundred feet high, over which, the river rushing, dashes with such violence against the rocky bottom, that a vast cloud of watery smoke is raised all around. The river Velino does not long survive the fall, but broken, groaning, and foaming, soon finishes its course in the Nera.

This is perhaps the only country in the world, where the fields become more desolate as you approach the capital. After having traversed the cultivated and fertile vallies of Umbria, one is affected with double emotion at beholding the deplorable state of poor ne-

glected Latium. For several posts before you arrive at Rome, few villages, little cultivation, and scarcely any inhabitants, are to be seen. In the Campania of Rome, formerly the best cultivated and best peopled spot in the world, no houses, no trees, no enclosures; nothing but the scattered ruins of temples and tombs, presenting the idea of a country depopulated by a pestilence. All is motionless, silent, and forlorn. In the midst of these deserted fields, the ancient mistress of the world rears her head in melancholy majesty.

On our arrival here, we found no lamps lighted in the streets at night; and all Rome would be in utter darkness, were it not for the candles, which the devotion of individuals sometimes place before certain statues of the Virgin. Those appear faintly glimmering at vast intervals, like stars in a cloudy night. The lackeys carry dark lanthorns behind the carriages of people of the first distinction. Some of the principal streets are of considerable length, and perfectly straight. That called the Corso is the most frequented. Here the nobility display their equipages during the carnival, and take the air in the evenings in fine weather. It is indeed the great scene of Roman magnificence and amusement. It would be more difficult to convey an idea of the smaller and less regular streets; I shall therefore only observe, in general, that Rome at present exhibits a strange mixture of magnificent and interesting, common and beggarly objects. The former consists of palaces,
churches,

churches, fountains, and, above all, the remains of antiquity; the latter comprehends all the rest of the city.

The church of St. Peter, in the opinion of many, surpasses, in size and magnificence, the finest monuments of ancient architecture. The Grecian and Roman temples were more distinguished for the elegance of their form, than their magnitude. All who have seen St. Paul's in London, may, by an enlargement of its dimensions, form some idea of the external appearance of St. Peter's; but the resemblance falls entirely on comparing them within, St. Peter's being lined, in many parts, with the most precious and beautiful marble, adorned with valuable pictures, and all the powers of sculpture. The approach to St. Peter's church infinitely excels that to St. Paul's. A magnificent portico advances on each side from the front, by which means a square court is formed immediately before the steps which lead into the church. The two porticoes form two sides of the square, the third is closed by the front of the church, and the fourth is open. A colonnade, four columns deep, commences at the extremities of the porticoes; and embracing, in an oval direction, a space far wider than the square, forms the most magnificent area that perhaps ever was seen before any building. This oval colonnade is crowned with a balustrade, ornamented by a great number of statues, and consists of above three hundred large pillars, forming three separate walks, which lead to

the advanced portico, and from that into the church. In the middle of this immense area, stands an Egyptian obelisk of granite; and to the right and left of this, two very beautiful fountains refresh the atmosphere with streams of clear water. The delighted eye, glancing over these splendid objects, would rest with complete satisfaction on the stupendous fabric to which they serve as embellishments, if the façade of this celebrated church had been equal in beauty and elegance to the rest of the building; but this is by no means the case, and every impartial judge must acknowledge, that the front of our St. Paul's is, in those particulars, superior to that of St. Peter's. St. Peter's, taken on the outside, is exactly seven hundred and thirty feet; the breadth five hundred and twenty; and the height, from the pavement to the top of the cross, which crowns the cupola, four hundred and fifty. The grand portico, before the entrance, is two hundred and sixty feet in length, and forty in breadth.

The Pantheon, though not the largest of the Roman temples, is the most perfect that now remains. Some are of opinion, that the Pantheon is much more ancient than the Augustan age, and that the portico, which is the only part antiquarians admit to be the work of Agrippa, though beautiful in itself, does not correspond with the simplicity of the temple.

Though the Pantheon is the most entire, the Amphitheatre of Vespasian is the most
stupen-

stupendous monument of antiquity in Rome. It was finished by his son Titus, and obtained the name of Colosseum, afterwards corrupted into Coliseum, from a colossal statue of Apollo, which was placed before it. This vast structure was built of Tiburtine stone, which is remarkably durable. If the public buildings of the ancient Romans had not met with a more inveterate enemy than time, we might, at this day, contemplate the greater number in all their original perfection: they were formed for the admiration of much remoter ages than the present. This amphitheatre, in particular, might have stood entire for two thousand years to come; for what are the slow corrosions of time, in comparison of the rapid destruction from the fury of barbarians, the zeal of bigots, and the avarice of popes and cardinals? The first depredations made on this stupendous building was by the inhabitants of Rome themselves, at that time greater Goths than their conquerors. We are told, that they applied to Theodoric, whose court was then at Ravenna, for liberty to take the stones of this amphitheatre for some public work they were carrying on. The marble cornices, the friezes, and other ornaments of this building, have been carried away at various times, to adorn palaces; and the stones have been taken to build churches, and sometimes to repair the walls of Rome, the most useless work of all. About one half of the external circuit still remains, from which, and the ruins of the other parts, a

pretty exact idea may be formed of the original structure. By a computation made by Mr. Byres, it could contain eighty-five thousand spectators, making a convenient allowance for each. Fourteen chapels are now erected within side, representing the stages of our Saviour's passion. This expedient of consecrating them into Christian chapels and churches, has saved from utter destruction some of the finest remains of heathen magnificence.

Whatever may be our admiration of the Romans, yet it is tempered with horror, when we reflect on the use formerly made of this immense building, and the dreadful scenes which were acted on the Arena; where not only criminals condemned to death, but also prisoners taken in war, were obliged to butcher each other, for the entertainment of an inhuman populace. The combats of gladiators were at first used in Rome at funerals only, where prisoners were obliged to assume that profession, and fight before the tombs of deceased generals or magistrates, in imitation of the barbarous custom of the Greeks, of sacrificing captives at the tombs of their heroes. This horrid piece of magnificence, which, at first, was exhibited only on the death of consuls, and men of the highest distinction, came gradually to be claimed by every citizen, who was sufficiently rich to defray the expence; and as the people's fondness for these combats increased every day, they were no longer confined to funeral solemnities,

lemnities, but became customary on days of public rejoicing, and were exhibited at an amazing expence, by some generals after victories.

The profusion of human blood, which was shed in the Arena, by the cruel prodigality of the emperors, and the refinements which were invented to augment the barbarous pleasure of the spectators, are proofs of the dreadful degree of corruption and depravity, to which human nature is capable of attaining, even among a learned and enlightened people, when unrestrained by the mild principles of a benevolent religion. We are told, that the gladiators trained for the use of particular patricians, as well as those kept for hire by people who let them out, were, for some weeks before they appeared in the Arena, fed upon such succulent diet, as would soonest fill their veins, that they might bleed freely at every wound. They were instructed by their masters, not only in the art of fighting, but also in the most graceful manner of dying; and when these wretched men felt themselves mortally wounded, they assumed such attitudes as they were taught would please their beholders; they even seemed to receive pleasure themselves from the applause bestowed upon them in their last moments. When a gladiator was thrown by his antagonist to the ground, and directly laid down his arms, it was a sign that he could resist no longer, and declared himself vanquished; but still his life depended on the spectators. If they were
pleased

pleased with his performance, or were in a merciful disposition, they held up their hands, with the thumb folded down, and the life of the man was spared; but if they were in the humour to see him die, they held up the hand clenched, with the thumb only erect. As soon as the prostrate victim beheld that fatal signal, he knew all hopes of life were vain, and immediately presented his breast to the sword of his adversary, who, whatever his own inclinations might be, was obliged instantly to put him to death.

From these circumstances, are we to infer, that the ancient Romans were naturally of a more cruel turn of mind than the present inhabitants of Europe? Or is there not reason to believe that, in the same circumstances, modern nations would act in the same manner? Do we not perceive, that the practice of domestic slavery has, at this day, a strong tendency to render men haughty, capricious, and cruel? Such, I am afraid, is the nature of man, that if he have power without controul, he will use it without justice; absolute power has a strong tendency to make good men bad, and never fails to make bad men worse. Let us consider, whether there is reason to suspect, that those who arm cocks with steel, and take pleasure in beholding the spirited little animals cut one another to death, would not take the same, or superior delight, in obliging men to slaughter each other, if they had the power? Perhaps, the influence of a purer religion, and brighter example,

example, than were known to the heathen world, prevents mankind from those enormities now, which were permitted and countenanced formerly.

I shall conclude my journey to Rome, without entering into a particular detail of the antiquities it contains, as that would take up a volume of itself; but I shall just mention the ceremony of the Beatification of a Saint, at which I happened to be present.

This Saint was of the order of St. Francis, and a great many brethren of that order were present, and in very high spirits on the occasion. A picture of the present expectant, a great deal larger than life, had been hung up on the front of St. Peter's church, several days before the beatification took place. This ceremony was also announced by printed papers, distributed by the happy brethren of St. Francis. On the day of the solemnity, his Holiness, a considerable number of cardinals, many other ecclesiastics, all the Capuchin friars in Rome, and a great concourse of spectators attended. The ceremony was performed in St. Peter's church; and an ecclesiastic of my acquaintance procured us a very convenient place for seeing the whole.

The ceremony of beatification is a previous step to that of canonization. The saint, after he is beatified, is entitled to more distinction in heaven than before; but he has not the power of freeing souls from purgatory till he has been canonized. On the present occasion, a long discourse was pronounced by a Franciscan friar,

friar, setting forth the holy life which this expectant had led upon earth, his devotions, his voluntary penances, and his charitable actions; and a particular enumeration was made of certain miracles he had performed when alive, and others which had been performed after his death by his bones. The most remarkable miracle, by himself in person, was his replenishing a lady's cupboard with bread, after her housekeeper, at the saint's instigation, had given all the bread that was in the house to the poor.

This business is carried on in the manner of a law-suit. The Devil is supposed to have an interest in preventing men from being made saints; but that justice may be done, and that Satan may have his due, an advocate is employed to plead against the pretensions of the saint expectant, and the person thus employed is denominated by the people the Devil's Advocate. He calls in question the miracles said to have been wrought by the saint and his bones, and raises as many objections to the proofs brought of the purity of his life and conversation as he can. As often as the devil's advocate stated an objection, evident signs of impatience, contempt, surprise, and indignation, appeared in the countenances of the venerable brotherhood, according to their different characters and tempers. One shook his head, and whispered his neighbour; another raised his chin, and pushed up his under-lip with a disdainful smile; a third started, opened his eye-lids as wide as he could,

could, and held up both his hands, with his fingers extended; a fourth raised his thumb to his mouth, bit the nail with a grin, and jerked the thumb from his teeth towards the adversary; a fifth stared, in a most expressive manner, at the pope, and then fixed his eyes, frowning, on the devil's advocate. All were in agitation, till the saint's counsel began to speak, when a profound silence took place; and the moment he had made his answer, their countenances brightened, a smile of satisfaction spread around, and they nodded and shook their heads at each other with mutual satisfaction.

In the mean time, the cardinals, and the other auditors, who were not asleep, continued yawning; and, for my own part, I was kept awake only by the interlude of grimaces, played off by the brethren between the arguments. Exclusive of these, the making of a saint is the dullest business I was ever witness to. Finally, the reasoning of the devil's advocate was all in vain, and Satan lost his cause without the possibility of an appeal. The saint's claim being confirmed, he was admitted into all the privileges of beatification.

*Particulars respecting the City of VENICE,
and the CUSTOMS and MANNERS of its
INHABITANTS.*

MANY travellers have mentioned, in terms of the highest admiration, the views of Venice as you approach it. "You will behold (said they) magnificent palaces, churches, towers and steeples, all standing in the middle of the sea." Though this undoubtedly is an uncommon scene, as a town surrounded by water is a very fine sight, but all the travellers that have existed since the days of Cain will not convince me, that a town surrounded by land is not a much finer prospect. Can there be any comparison, in point of beauty, between the dull sameness of a watery surface, and the delightful variety of woods, gardens, meadows, hills, and vallies? If the situation of Venice renders it less agreeable than another city to behold at a distance, it must render it, in a much stronger degree, less agreeable to inhabit; for, instead of walking or riding in the fields, enjoying the fragrance of herbs, and the melody of birds, when you wish to take the air here, you must submit to be paddled about, from morning to night, in a narrow boat, along dirty canals; or, if you do not like this, you have one resource more, which is that of walking in St. Mark's Place. These

are the disadvantages which Venice labours under, with regard to situation; but it has other peculiarities, which, in the opinion of many, overbalance them, and render it, on the whole, an agreeable town.

This city is built in the sea, or rather in the midst of shallows, which stretch some miles from the shore, at the bottom of the Adriatic gulf. When you approach the city, you pass along a liquid road, marked by rows of stakes on each side, which direct vessels, of a certain burthen, to avoid the shallows, and keep in deeper water. These shallows are a better defence to the city than the strongest fortifications; for, on the approach of an enemy's fleet, the Venetians have only to pull up their stakes, and the enemy can advance no further. They are equally beyond the insult of a land army, even in the midst of winter; for the flux and reflux of the sea, and the mildness of the climate, prevent such a strength of ice as could admit the approach of an army that way.

Venice is said to contain about one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. The streets in general are narrow, as are the canals, except the grand canal, which is very broad, and has a serpentine course through the middle of the city. They say, there are several hundred bridges in Venice; but what pass under this name are only single arches thrown over the canals, and most of them are paltry enough. The Rialto consists also of a single arch; but it is built of marble, and

has a very noble appearance. This celebrated arch is ninety feet wide on the level of the canal, and twenty-four feet high. Its beauty is impaired by two rows of booths, or shops, which are erected upon it, and divide its upper surface into three narrow streets. The view from the Rialto is equally lively and magnificent: the objects under your eye are the grand canal, covered with boats and gondolas, and flanked on each side with magnificent palaces, churches, and spires; but this fine prospect is almost the only one in Venice. Except the grand canal and the canal Regio, all the others are narrow and mean: some of them have no quays, and the water literally washes the walls of the houses. When you sail along those wretched canals, you have no one agreeable object to cheer the sight, and the smell is overwhelmed with the stench, which exhales from the water at certain seasons.

The treasury of St. Mark is very rich in jewels and relics; and it was necessary to apply to one of the procurators of St. Mark for leave to see it. I shall only mention a few of the most valuable effects kept here. Eight pillars from Solomon's temple at Jerusalem; a piece of the Virgin Mary's veil, some of her hair, and a small portion of her milk; the knife used by our Saviour at his last supper; one of the nails of the cross, and a few drops of his blood. After mentioning these, it would be impertinent to enumerate the bones, and other relics, of saints and martyrs, of which

which there is a plentiful shew in the church of St. Mark; and still less need I take up the time of my reader with an inventory of the temporal jewels kept here.

St. Mark's Place is the general rendezvous for company of all descriptions; and here, in the evening, there is generally such a mixed multitude of Jews, Turks, and Christians; lawyers, knaves, and pickpockets; mountebanks, old women, and physicians; women of quality with masks, and women of easy virtue without them; and, in short, such a jumble of senators, citizens, and people of every character and condition, that your ideas are broken, bruised and dislocated, in the crowd, in such a manner, that you can think or reflect on nothing; yet this being a state of mind which many people are fond of, the place never fails to be well attended, and, in fine weather, numbers pass a great part of the night there. When the piazza is well illuminated, and the shops in the adjacent streets lighted up, the whole has a brilliant effect; and as it is the custom for the ladies, as well as the gentlemen, to frequent the cassinos and coffee-houses around, the Place of St. Mark answers all the purposes of our Vauxhall or Ranelagh.

Though the Venetian government is still under the influence of jealousy, that gloomy spirit is now entirely banished from the bosoms of individuals. Instead of the confinement in which women were formerly kept at Venice, they now enjoy a degree of freedom unknown

even at Paris. Of the two extremes, the present, without doubt, is preferable. The husbands seem at last convinced, that the chastity of their wives is safest under their own guardianship; and that when a woman thinks her honour not worth her own regard, it is still more unworthy of his. This advantage, with many others, must arise from the present system; that when a husband believes, that his wife has faithfully adhered to her conjugal engagement, he has the additional satisfaction of knowing, that she acts from a love to him, or some honourable motive; whereas, formerly, a Venetian husband could not be certain that he was not obliged, for his wife's chastity, to iron bars, bolts, and padlocks.

Along with jealousy, poison and the dagger have been banished from Venetian gallantry, and the innocent mask is substituted in their places. According to the best information I could procure, this mask is a much more innocent matter than is usually imagined. In general, it is not intended to conceal the person who wears it, but only used as an apology for his not being in full dress. With a mask stuck in the hat, and a kind of black mantle, trimmed with lace of the same colour, and thrown over the shoulders, a man is sufficiently dressed for any assembly at Venice. Those who walk the streets, or go to the playhouses, with masks actually covering their faces, are either engaged in some love intrigue, or would have the spectators think so; for this is a piece of
affectation

affectation which prevails here, as well as elsewhere. I have been assured, by those who have resided many years at Venice, that *refined* gentlemen, who are fond of the reputation, though they shrink from the catastrophe, of an intrigue, are no uncommon characters here; and I the more readily believe it, because I daily saw many feeble gentlemen tottering about in masks, for whom a basin of warm restorative soup would have been more necessary than the most beautiful woman in Venice.

The opening before St. Mark's church is the only place where a great number of people can assemble. It is the fashion to walk here a great part of the evening, to enjoy the music, and other amusements; and although there are coffee-houses, and Venetian manners permit ladies, as well as gentlemen, to frequent them, yet it is usual for the noble and most wealthy to prefer little apartments of their own, where, without being exposed to intrusion, they may entertain a few friends in a more easy and unceremonious manner than they could do at their palaces. Instead of going home to a formal supper, and returning afterwards to this place of entertainment, they order coffee, lemonade, fruit, and other refreshments, to the *cassino*. That those little apartments may be occasionally used for the purposes of intrigue, is not improbable; but that this is the ordinary and avowed purpose for which they are frequented, is, of all things, the least credible; and that

the Venetians are more given to sensual pleasures than the inhabitants of London, Paris, or Berlin, I imagine will be difficult to prove.

The Venetians seem to be a lively ingenious people, extravagantly fond of public amusements, with an uncommon relish for humour; and yet more attached to the real enjoyments of life, than to those that depend on ostentation, and proceed from vanity. The common people of Venice display some qualities very rarely to be found in that sphere of life, being remarkably sober, obliging to strangers, and gentle in their intercourse with each other. The Venetians in general are tall and well made; and though equally robust, they are not so corpulent as the Germans. The men are, for the most part, of a ruddy brown colour, with dark eyes. The women are of a fine stile of countenance, with expressive features, and a skin of rich carnation. They dress their hair in a fanciful manner, which becomes them very much. They are of an easy address, and have no aversion to cultivating acquaintance with those strangers, who are presented to them by their relations, or have been properly recommended.

Though the houses are thought inconvenient by many of the English, they are better calculated for the climate of Italy, than if they were built according to the London model. The floors are of a kind of red plaister, with a brilliant glossy surface, much more beautiful than wood, and far more preferable

ferable in case of fire, whose progress they are calculated to check. The principal apartments are on the second floor; for the Venetians seldom inhabit the first, which is often entirely filled with lumber. Perhaps, they prefer the second floor, because it is farthest removed from the moisture of the lakes, or because it is better lighted and more cheerful.

Such is the tyranny and jealousy of the Venetian government, that it is not safe for a nobleman to acquire, in a high degree, the love and confidence of the common people. This excites the jealousy of the inquisitors, and proves a pretty certain means of excluding him from any of the high offices. Ecclesiastics, of every denomination, are excluded, by the constitution of Venice, from a place in the senate, or holding any civil office whatever; nor is it permitted them, directly or indirectly, to intermeddle in state affairs. In many instances, they are deprived of that kind of influence, which, even in protestant countries, is allowed to the clergy. The patriarch of Venice has not the disposal of the offices belonging to St. Mark's church, all the deans being named by the doge and senate. Though the nobility and clergy are forbidden to hold any conversation with strangers upon politics, or affairs of state, yet the gondoleers are exceedingly ready to talk upon these, or any other subjects, with all who give them the smallest encouragement. Those who are not in the immediate service of any particular nobleman, are often retained by government

as spies upon strangers. It is said, that while those fellows row their gondolas, in seeming inattention to the conversation, they are taking notice of every thing which is said, that they may report it to their employers, when they imagine it any ways concerns the government. As soon as a stranger arrives, the gondoleers, who brought him to Venice, immediately repair to a certain office, and give information where they took him up, to what house they conducted him, and of any other particulars they may have picked up. I cannot help thinking, that all this jealousy and distrust, those numerous engines set in motion, and all their complicated system for the discovery of plots, and the defence of the constitution of this republic, serves only to harrafs their own subjects.

Strangers, however, are under less restraint here, in many particulars, than the native inhabitants. I have known some, who, after having tried most of the capitals of Europe, have preferred to live at Venice, on account of the variety of amusements, the gentle manners of the inhabitants, and the perfect freedom allowed in every thing, except in blaming the measures of government. When a stranger be so imprudent as to disclaim against the form or the measures of government, he will either receive a message to leave the territories of the state, or one of the Sibiri will be sent to accompany him to the dominions of the Pope or Emperor.

A Visit

*A Visit to PALERMO; the Character of the
SICILIANS, and a Description of the
WHIMSICAL PALACE of the PRINCE of
PATAGONIA.*

THE approach to Palermo is fine; the avenues are planted with fruit-trees, and large American aloes in full bloom. It is by much the most regular town I have seen, and is built upon that plan, which all large cities ought to follow. The two great streets intersect each other in the center of the city, where they form a handsome square, called the Ottangolo, adorned with elegant uniform buildings. From the center of this square, you see the whole of these noble streets, and the four great gates of the city which terminate them, the symmetry and beauty of which produce a fine effect.

The Porte Felice, which is by much the handsomest of these gates, opens to the Marino, a delightful walk, which constitutes one of the greatest pleasures of Palermo. It is bounded on one side by the wall of the city, and on the other by the sea, from whence, even in the scorching month of June, there is always an agreeable breeze. In the center of the Marino, they have erected an elegant kind of temple, which, during the summer months, is made use of as an orchestra for music. As in this season they are obliged to
convert

convert the night into day, the concert does not begin till the clock strikes midnight, which is the signal for the symphony to strike up. At that time, the walk is crowded with carriages and people on foot; and, the better to favour pleasure and intrigue, there is an order, that no person, of whatever quality, shall presume to carry a light with him. The flambeaux are extinguished at the Porte Felice, where the servants wait for the return of the carriages; and the company generally continue an hour or two together in utter darkness, except when the intruding moon, with her horns and her chastity, comes to disturb them. The concert finishes about two in the morning, when every husband generally goes home to his own wife. This is an admirable institution, and never produces any scandal. No husband is such a brute as to deny his wife the pleasures of the Marino; and the ladies are so cautious and circumspect on their side, that, the more to avoid giving offence, they very often put on masques.

The principal part of their other amusements consists chiefly in what they call *Conversazioni*, or conversations, of which they have a variety every night. One, in particular, is supported by a subscription of the nobility, which is opened every evening at sun-set, and continues till midnight, when the Marino begins. It better deserves the name of a conversation than any I have seen in most parts of Italy; for here the people really come to converse, whereas, in Italy, they only

only go to play at cards and eat ices. It very seldom happens, that one half of the company is engaged in play, nor do they either play long or deep. There are a number of apartments belonging to this conversation, illuminated with wax-lights, and kept exceedingly cool and agreeable; and it is, indeed, altogether one of the most sensible and comfortable institutions I have seen.

Besides this, there are generally a number of particular conversations every night; and, what a good deal surprised me, these are always held in the apartments of the lying-in ladies. In this happy climate, child-bearing is divested of all its terrors, and is only considered as a party of pleasure. The duke of Verdura, who did us the honours of the place, one morning, with great attention and politeness, came to tell us, we had a visit to make that was indispensable. "The Princess Paterno (said he) was brought-to-bed last night, and it is absolutely incumbent on you to pay your respects to her this evening." At first, I thought he was only in pleasantry; but he assured me he was serious, and that it would be looked upon as a great unpoliteness to neglect it. We accordingly went about sunset, and found the princess sitting up in her bed, in an elegant undress, with a number of her friends around her. She talked as usual, and seemed to be perfectly well. This conversation is repeated every night during her confinement, which generally lasts about eleven or twelve days. This custom is universal;

versal; and, as the ladies here are very prolific, there are generally three or four of these assemblies going on in the city at the same time.

The Sicilian ladies marry at thirteen or fourteen, and are sometimes grandmothers before they are thirty. The Count Stetela presented us to his cousin, the Princess Partana, who he told us had a great number of children, the eldest of which was a very fine girl of fifteen. We talked to the princess half an hour, not in the least doubting all the time she was the daughter, till at last the young lady came in; and even then it was not easy to say, which appeared the youngest or the handsomest. This lady had had twelve children, and was still in her bloom. She assured me, that she never enjoyed more perfect health than when she was in childbed; that, during the time of her pregnancy, she was often indisposed; but that immediately on delivery she was cured of all her complaints, and was capable of enjoying the company of her friends even more than at any other time. I expressed my surprise at this very singular happiness of their climate or constitutions; but she appeared still more surprised when I told her, that we lost many of our finest women in childbed; and that even the most fortunate and easy deliveries, were attended with violent pain and anguish. She lamented the fate of our ladies, and thanked heaven that she was born a Sicilian.

What

What this singularity may be owing to, I shall leave the learned to determine; but it is surely one of the capital blessings of these climates, where the curse that was laid upon mother Eve seems to be entirely taken off. I do not know how the Sicilian ladies have deserved this exception, as they have at least as much both of Eve and the Serpent as ours have, and still retain their appetite, as strong as ever, for forbidden fruit. It seems hard, that in our own country, and in Switzerland, where the women in general are the chafest in Europe, that this curse should fall the heaviest. It is probably owing to the climate. In cold, but more particularly in mountainous countries, births are difficult and dangerous; in warm and low places, they are more easy. In some parts of Switzerland, and among the Alps, they lose almost one half of their women in childbed; and those who can afford it, often go down to the Low Countries some weeks before they lie-in, and find their deliveries much easier.

The Sicilians appear frank and sincere, and their politeness does not consist in show and grimace, like some of the polite nations of the continent. The viceroy sets the pattern of hospitality, and he is followed by the rest of the nobles. The Sicilians have always had the character of being very amorous, and surely not without reason. The whole nation are poets, even the peasants; and a man stands a poor chance for a mistress, that is not capable of celebrating her praises. I believe

it is generally allowed, that the pastoral poetry had its origin in this island; and Theocritus, after whom they still copy, will ever be looked upon as the prince of pastoral poets. Indeed, in music too, as well as poetry, the soft amorous pieces are generally stiled *Siciliani*. These they used to play all night under their mistresses windows, to express the delicacy of their passion; but serenading is not now so much in fashion, as it was during the time of their more intimate connection with Spain; when it was said, by one of their authors, that no person could pass for a man of gallantry that had not got a cold; and was sure never to succeed in making love, unless he made it in a hoarse voice. The ladies are not now so rigid, and will sometimes condescend to hear a man, even though he should speak in a clear tone. Neither do they any longer require the prodigious martial feats, that were then necessary to win them. The attacking of a mad bull, or a wild boar, was reckoned the handsomest compliment a lover could pay to his mistress; and the putting these animals to death, softened her heart more than all the sighing love-sick tales that could be invented. This has been humourously ridiculed by one of their poets, who says, that Cupid's little golden dart was now changed into a massy spear, which answered a double purpose; for, at the same time it pierced the tough bull's hide, it likewise pierced the tender lady's heart. But these Gothic customs are now dropped, and the gentle Sicilians have reassumed
their

their softness. A breach of the marriage vow is here no longer looked upon as one of the deadly sins, and the confessors fall upon easy and pleasant enough methods of making them atone for it. The husbands are content, and, like able generals, make up the loss of one fortress by the taking of another. However, I here saw a great deal of domestic happiness; husbands and wives that truly loved each other, and whose mutual care and pleasure were the education of their children.

The palace of the Prince of Patagonia, which is situated at a little distance from Palermo, for its singularity, is certainly not to be equalled on the face of the earth. He is a man of an immense fortune, and has devoted his whole life to the study of monsters and chimeras, greater and more ridiculous than ever entered into the imagination of the wildest writers of romance or knight-errantry. The amazing crowd of statues that surround the house appear, at a distance, like a little army drawn up for its defence; but, when you get among them, and every one assumes his true likeness, you imagine you are gotten into the regions of delusion and enchantment. Of all that immense group, there is not one made to represent any one object in nature; nor is the absurdity of the wretched imagination that created them, less astonishing than its wonderful fertility. It would require a volume to describe the whole, and a sad volume it would make.

This whimsical prince has put the heads of men to the bodies of every sort of animal, and the heads of every other animal to the bodies of men. Sometimes he makes a compound of five or six animals that have no sort of resemblance in nature. He puts the head of a lion to the neck of a goose, the body of a lizard, the legs of a goat, and the tail of a fox.

On the back of this monster, he puts another, if possible still more hideous, with five or six heads, and a bush of horns, that beats the beast in the Revelations all to nothing. There is scarcely any kind of horn in the world that he has not collected, and his pleasure is to see them all flourishing upon the same head. This is a strange species of madness, and it is unaccountable, that he has not been shut up many years ago; but he is perfectly innocent, and troubles nobody by the indulgence of his phrenzy. On the contrary, he gives bread to a number of statuaries and other workmen, whom he rewards in proportion as they can bring their imaginations to coincide with his own; or, in other words, according to the hideousness of the monsters they produce. The statues that adorn, or rather deform, the great avenue, and surround the court of the palace, amount to upwards of six hundred; notwithstanding which, it may be truly said, that he has not broken the second commandment; for, of all that number, there is not the likeness of any thing in heaven above, in
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the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth. The old ornaments that were put up by his father, who was a sensible man, appear to have been in a good taste; but they have been all knocked to pieces, and laid together in a heap, to make room for this new creation.

The inside of this enchanted castle corresponds exactly with the out; it is in every respect as whimsical and fantastical, and you cannot turn yourself to any side, where you are not stared in the face by some hideous figure or other. Some of the apartments are spacious and magnificent, with high arched roofs, which, instead of plaister or stucco, are composed entirely of large mirrors, nicely joined together. The effect that these produce (as each of them make a small angle with the other) is exactly that of a multiplying glass; so that, when three or four people are walking below, there is always the appearance of three or four hundred walking above. The whole of the doors are likewise covered over with small pieces of mirror, cut into the most ridiculous shapes, and intermixed with a great variety of crystal and glass of different colours. All the chimney-pieces, windows, and side-boards, are crowded with pyramids and pillars of tea-pots, candle-cups, bowls, cups, saucers, &c. strongly cemented together. Some of these columns are not without their beauty: one of them has a large china chamber-pot for its base, and a circle of pretty little flower-pots for its ca-

pital; the shaft of the column, upwards of four feet long, is composed entirely of teapots of different sizes, diminished gradually from the base to the capital. The profusion of china that has been employed in forming these columns is incredible, as there appeared to be not less than forty pillars and pyramids formed in this strange fantastic manner. Most of the rooms are paved with fine marble tables of different colours, which look like so many tomb-stones. Some of these were richly wrought with lapis lazuli, porphyry, and other valuable stones; but their fine polish is now gone, and they appear only like common marble.

The windows of this enchanted castle are composed of a variety of glass of every different colour, mixed without any sort of order or regularity, blue, red, green, yellow, purple, violet; so that, at each window, you may have the heavens and earth of whatever colour you choose, only by looking through the pane that pleases you. The house-clock is cased in the body of a statue; the eyes of the figure move with the pendulum, turning up their white and black alternately, and make a hideous appearance. His bed-chamber and dressing-room are like Noah's ark: there is scarce a beast, however vile, that he has not placed there; toads, frogs, serpents, lizards, scorpions, all cut out in marble, of their respective colours. There are several busts too, that are not less singularly imagined. Some of these make a very handsome profile on one side; turn to the other, and
you

you have a skeleton. Here you see a nurse, with a child in her arms; its back is exactly that of a wrinkled old woman of ninety.

For some minutes one may laugh at these follies, but indignation and contempt soon get the better of our mirth, and the laugh is turned into a sneer. I own I was soon tired of them; though some things were so strangely fancied, that it might well excuse a little mirth, even from the most rigid cynic. The family statues are charming; they have been done from some old pictures, and make a most venerable appearance. He has dressed them out from head to foot, in new and elegant suits of marble; and, indeed, the effect it produces is more ridiculous than can be easily conceived. The walls of the house are covered with some fine bassa relievos of white marble, in a good taste. These he could not well take out or alter, so he has only added immense frames of large marble tables to them.

The owner and author of this singular collection is a poor miserable lean figure, shivering at a breeze, and seemingly afraid of every one he speaks to. He is one of the richest subjects in the island, and it is thought he has not laid out less than twenty thousand pounds in the creation of this world of monsters and chimeras. He certainly might have fallen upon some way to prove himself a fool at a cheaper rate. However, it gives bread to a number of poor people, to whom he is an excellent master. The government have had
serious

serious thoughts of demolishing the regiment of monsters he has placed round his house ; but, as he is humane and inoffensive, and as this would certainly break his heart, they have as yet forborne. Yet the seeing of them by women with child, is said to have been already attended with very unfortunate circumstances, several living monsters having been brought forth in the neighbourhood. The ladies complain, that they dare no longer take an airing in the delightful places contiguous to his house, as some hideous form always haunts their imaginations for some time after ; and their husbands too, it is said, are as little satisfied with the great variety of horns.

*Account of the celebrated BURIAL-PLACE
near PALERMO, and some remarkable
ANECDOTES of FRA PASQUAL.*

ON the morning of the thirtieth of June we went to see a celebrated convent of Capuchins, about a mile from the city of Palermo. It contains nothing very remarkable but the burial-place, which indeed is a great curiosity. This is a vast subterraneous apartment, divided into large commodious galleries, the walls on each side of which are hollowed into a variety of niches, as if intended for a great collection of statues. These
niches

niches are filled, not with statues, but dead bodies, set upright upon their legs, and fixed by the back to the inside of the niche. Their number is about three hundred. They are all dressed in the cloaths they usually wore, and form a most venerable and respectable assembly. The skin and muscles, by a certain preparation, become as dry and hard as a piece of stock-fish; and though many of them have been here upwards of two hundred and fifty years, yet none are reduced to skeletons. The muscles, indeed, in some, appear to be a good deal more shrunk than in others; probably, because the muscles of those persons had been more extenuated at the time of their death.

The people of Palermo here pay daily visits to their deceased friends, and, with pleasure and regret, recal the scenes of their past life. Here they familiarize themselves with their future state, and choose the company they would wish to keep in the other world. It is a common thing to make choice of their niche, and to try if their body fit it, that no alteration may be necessary after they be dead; and sometimes, by way of a voluntary penance, they accustom themselves to stand in these niches for hours.

The bodies of the princes and first nobility are lodged in handsome chests or trunks, some of them richly adorned. These are not in the shape of coffins, but all of one width, and about a foot and a half, or two feet deep. The keys are kept by the nearest relations of
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the family, who sometimes come and drop a tear over their departed friends. I am not sure, but that this may be a better method of depositing the dead than that used in England. These visits must prove admirable lessons of humility, without being those objects of horror one would be apt to think them. They are said, even for ages after death, to retain a strong likeness to what they were when alive; so that, as soon as you have conquered the first feeling excited by these venerable figures, you only consider this as a vast gallery of original portraits, drawn after the life, by the justest and most unprejudiced hand. It must be owned, that the colours are rather faded, and the pencil does not appear to have been the most flattering in the world; but no matter, it is the pencil of Truth, and not of a mercenary, who only wants to please. It might also be made of very considerable utility to society, as these dumb orators would give the most pathetic lectures on pride and vanity. Whenever a fellow began to strut or affect the haughty supercilious air, he should be sent to converse with his friends in the gallery; and, if their arguments did not bring him to a proper way of thinking, I would give him up as incorrigible.

Some of the Capuchins sleep in this gallery every night, and pretend to have many wonderful visions and revelations; but the truth is, that very few people believe them. No woman is admitted into this convent either
dead

dead or alive, and this interdiction is written in large characters over the gate. The poor indolent Capuchins, the frailest of all flesh, have great need of such precautions. They have no occupation from without, and they have no resources from within themselves; so that they must be an easy prey to every temptation. Bocaccio, and all the books of that kind, are filled with stories of their frailty.

One day dining at the Prince of Sperlinga's, and talking on this subject, a learned abbot, distinguished for his candour and veracity, gave us some anecdotes of an acquaintance of his, who was formerly a brother of this convent. He is known by the name of Fra Pasqual, and has passed through many singular scenes of life, which would be too long to recount. His last migration, or transmigration, was from one of the banditti of Sicily, in which capacity he had been enrolled for some time; but, tired of the danger and fatigue to which he was perpetually exposed, he at last determined to exchange the character of the hero for that of the saint, and try if it was not both safer and surer to rely on the weakness of others, than on his own strength.

Accordingly, Fra Pasqual pretended a strong compunction for the transgressions of his past life, and made a promise to the Virgin, that the remainder of it should be spent in mortification and penance, to atone for them. With this view, Pasqual took the vows of poverty and of chastity, and entered
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into all the rigours of a monastic life. For some weeks he behaved in a most exemplary manner; he went barefooted, wore a large rosary, and a thicker cord of discipline than any monk in the convent, and his whole deportment gave testimony of the most unfeigned repentance. However, the devil was still at work in the heart of Pasqual, and all these external mortifications only made him work the harder. Pasqual was sensible of this, and, afraid lest the enemy should at last get the better of him, he thought it advisable to leave at Palermo the character of sanctity he had acquired, and begin somewhere else upon a new scene. He then embarked for Naples, where he was admitted into a convent of Capuchins.

As Pasqual knew from experience, that the dull uniformity of a monastic life required some little amusements to render it supportable, the first thing he set about was to find a mistress. He made love to a lady of easy virtue, who soon admitted his addresses, but at the same time informed him, that he had a formidable rival, who was jealous as a tiger, and would not fail to put them both to death, should he discover the intrigue. This rival was no other than a lifeguard-man, a fellow of six feet two inches, with a vast spada, like that of Goliath, and a monstrous pair of curled whiskers, that would have cast a damp on the heart of any man but Fra Pasqual; but the monastic life had not yet enervated him, and he was accustomed to danger, and
loved

loved a few difficulties. However, as in his present character he could not be on a footing with his rival, he thought it best to make use only of prudence and stratagem to supplant him: these are the ecclesiastical arms, and they have generally been found too hard for military skill.

The lady promised him an interview as soon as the court should go to Portici, where the lifeguard-man's duty obliged him to attend the king. Pasqual waited for some time with impatience; but at last the wished-for night arrived, and the king set off, after the opera, with all his guards. Pasqual flew like lightning to the arms of his mistress, and the happy lovers had just fallen asleep, when they were suddenly alarmed by a rap, and a well-known voice at the door. The lady started up in an agony of despair, assuring Pasqual that they were both undone; that this was her lover, and if some expedient was not fallen upon, in the first transports of his fury, he would certainly put them both to death. There was no time for reflection; the lifeguard-man demanded entrance in the most peremptory manner, and the lady was obliged to instant compliance.

Pasqual had just time to gather his rags together, and cram himself in below the bed. At that instant the door opened, and the giant came in, rattling his arms and storming at his mistress, for having made him wait so long. However, she soon pacified him. He then ordered her to strike a light, that

he might see to undress. This struck Pasqual to the soul, and he gave himself up for lost; but the lady's address saved him, when he least expected it. In bringing the tinder, she took care to let some water fall into the box, and all the beating she and her lover could beat could not procure light. Every stroke of the flint sounded in Pasqual's ears like his death-knell; but when he heard the life guard-man swearing at the tinder for not kindling, he began to conceive some hopes, and blessed the fertile invention of woman. The lady told him, he might easily get a light at the guard, which was at no great distance. Pasqual's heart leaped with joy; but when the soldier answered, that he was absent without leave, and dared not to be seen, it began again to flag; but on his ordering her to go, it died within him, and he now found himself in greater danger than ever. The lady herself was disconcerted; but quickly recovering, she told him, it would be too long before she could get dressed; but advised him to go to the corner of a neighbouring street, where there was a lamp burning before the Virgin Mary, who could have no objection to his lighting a candle at it. Pasqual revived; but the soldier declared he was too much fatigued with his walk, and would rather undress in the dark; at the same time he began to grope below the bed for a bottle of liquor, which he knew stood there. Pasqual shook like a leaf on the tree when ruffled by the winds; however, still he escaped. The lady observ-
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ing what he was about, made a spring, and got him the bottle, at the very instant he was within an inch of seizing Pasqual's head. The lady then went to bed, and told her lover, as it was a cold night, she would warm his place for him. Pasqual admired her address, and began to conceive some hopes of escaping in a whole skin.

Nothing could be more irksome than his present situation: the bed was so low, that he had no room to move, and when the great and heavy lifeguard-man entered it, he found himself squeezed quite down to the ground. He lay trembling and stifling his breath for some time, but found it absolutely impossible to support his situation till morning; and indeed, if that had been possible, his clothes, which were scattered about, must have infallibly discovered him. He therefore began to think of making his escape; but he could not move without alarming his rival, who was now lying above him. At first, he thought of rushing suddenly out, and throwing himself into the street; but this he disdained, and, on second thoughts, determined to seize the lifeguard-man's sword, and either put him to death, or make an honourable capitulation both for the lady and himself. In the midst of these reflections, his rival began to snore, and Pasqual declared, that no music was ever so grateful to his soul. He tried to stir a little, and finding it did not awake the enemy, he by degrees worked himself out of his prison. He immediately laid hold of the

great spada, when all his fears forsook him, and he found himself as bold as a lion. He now relinquished the dastardly scheme of escaping, and only thought on the means to retaliate on his rival for all he had suffered on his account.

Pasqual being now naked, it was no more trouble to him to put on the soldier's clothes than his own; and as both his cloak and his cappauch were not worth six-pence, he thought it most eligible to equip himself *à la militaire*, and to leave his sacerdotal robes to the soldier. His greasy cowl, his cloak, his sandals, his rosary, and his rope of discipline, he gathered together, and placed them on a chair before the bed; and girding himself with a great buff-belt, instead of the cordon of St. Francis, and grasping his trusty toledo instead of the crucifix, he sallied forth into the street. He pondered for some time what scheme to fall upon, and at first thought of returning in the character of another lifeguard-man, pretending to have been sent by the officer with a guard in quest of his companion, who, not having been found in his quarters, was supposed to have deserted; and thus, after having made him pay heartily for all that he had suffered under the bed, to leave him to the enjoyment of his panic, and the elegant suit of clothes he had provided him. However, he was not satisfied with this revenge, and determined on one still more solid.

He went to the guard, and told the officer, that he had met a Capuchin friar, with all
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the ensigns of his sanctity about him, skulking through the streets, in the dead of night, when they pretend to be employed in prayer for the sins of mankind; that prompted by curiosity to follow him, the holy friar, as he expected, went strait to the house of a celebrated courtesan; that he saw him admitted, and listened at the window till he heard them go to bed together; that if he did not find this information to be true, he should resign himself his prisoner, and submit to whatever punishment he should think he merited.

It was a matter of no small delight to the officer and his guard, to have such hold of a Capuchin, who pretend to be the very models of sanctity, and who revile, in a particular manner, the licentious life of the military. The guard turned out with the utmost alacrity, and, under the conduct of Pasqual, surrounded the lady's house. Pasqual began thundering at the door, and demanded entrance for the officer and his guard. The unhappy soldier waking with the noise, and not doubting but it was a detachment sent to seize him, gave himself up to despair, and instantly took shelter in the very place that Pasqual had so lately occupied; at the same time laying hold of all the things he found on the chair, never doubting that they were his own clothes. As the lady was somewhat dilatory in opening the door, Pasqual pretended to put his foot to it, when open it flew. He entered with the officer and his guard, and demanded the body of a Capuchin friar, who they were

informed lodged with her that night. The lady had heard Pasqual go out, and, having no suspicion that he would inform against himself, she protested her innocence in the most solemn manner, taking all the saints to witness that she knew no such person; but Pasqual, suspecting the retreat of the lover, began groping below the bed, and soon pulled out his own greasy cowl and cloak. "Here, (said he to the officer) here are proofs enough: I will answer for it, Signor Padre himself is at no great distance." And putting his nose below the bed, "Fogh, (said he) I smell him; he stinks like a fox. The surest method of finding a Capuchin is by the nose; you may wind him a mile off." Then lowering their lanthorn, they beheld the unfortunate lover squeezed in between the bed and the ground, and almost stifled. "See, (said Pasqual) see here he is, with all the ensigns of his holiness," and pulling them out one by one, the crucifix, the rosary, and the cord of discipline. "You see, (said he) that the reverend father came here to do penance;" and taking up the cord, "Suppose now we should assist him in this meritorious work. Signor Padre, we will save you the trouble of inflicting it-yourself; and whether you come here to sin, or to repent, by your own maxims, you know, a little sound discipline is healthful to the soul."

The guard were standing round the bed in convulsions of laughter, and began breaking the most galling and most insolent jokes on the
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the supposed padre. The lifeguard-man thought himself enchanted. He at last ventured to speak, and declared they were all in a mistake, and that he was no Capuchin; upon which the laugh redoubled, and the coarsest jokes were renewed. The lady in the mean time, with the best dissembled marks of fear and astonishment, ran about the room, bewailing the fate of her lover, and her own misery.

Pasqual, delighted to see that his plan had taken its full effect, thought it now time to make his retreat, before the unfortunate lover could have an opportunity of examining his clothes, and perhaps of detecting him. He therefore pretended regimental business, and regretting much that he was obliged to rejoin his corps, he took leave of the officer and his guard; at the same recommending them, by all means, to treat the holy father with all that reverence and respect that was due to the sanctity of his profession.

When the lifeguard-man had crawled from his confinement under the bed, he began to look about for his clothes; but observing nothing but the greasy weeds of a Capuchin friar, he was now perfectly convinced, that heaven had delivered him over, for his offences, to the power of some dæmon; for, of all mortals, the Neapolitan soldiers are the most superstitious. The lady too acted her part so well, that he had no longer any doubt of it. "Thus it is (said he in a pinetential voice) to forget religious duties! I own my
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fin—I knew it was Friday, and yet, O flesh! flesh! had it been any other day, I should have remained what I was. O, St. Januarius! I passed your statue too without paying it due respect, and thy all-seeing eye has found me out. Gentlemen, do with me what you please; but I am not what I seem to be.”

“ No, no, (said the officer) we are sensible of that. But come, Signor Padre, on with your garments, and march; for we have no time to trifle. Here, corporal, (giving him the cordon) tie his hands, and let him feel the weight of St. Francis. The saint owes him that, for having so impudently denied him for his master.” The poor soldier was perfectly passive; they arrayed him in the sandals, the cowl, and the cloak of Fra Pasqual, and put the great rosary about his neck; and a most woeful figure he made. The officer made him look in the glass, to try if he could recollect himself, and asked if he was a Capuchin now or not. He was shocked with his own appearance; but he bore every thing with meekness and resignation. They then conducted him to the guard, taunting him all the way with the most cutting jokes.

Pasqual, in the mean time, was snug in his convent, enjoying the sweets of his adventure. He had a spare cloak and cowl, and was soon equipped again like one of the holy fathers. He then took the clothes and accoutrements of the soldier, and laid them in a heap, near the gate of another convent of Capu-

Capuchins, but at a great distance from his own, reserving only to himself a trifle of money which he found in the breeches pocket, just to indemnify him for the loss of his cloak and his cowl; and even this, as he said, he should have held sacred, but he knew whoever should find the clothes would make lawful prize of the cash.

The poor soldier remained next day a spectacle to all the world. At last, his companions heard of his strange metamorphosis, and out of ridicule, came in crowds to see him. Their jokes were perhaps still more galling than those of the guard; but, as he thought himself under the finger of heaven, or at least of St. Januarius, he bore all with meekness and patience. At last, his clothes were found, and he was set at liberty; but he believes to this day, that the whole was the work of the devil, sent to chastise him for his sins; and he has never since seen his mistress on a Friday, nor passed the statue of St. Januarius without muttering a prayer. Fra Pasqual has told this story to several of his most intimate friends, whom he could depend on, among whom is a worthy abbot, my friend, who has often had it from his own mouth.

Singular

*Singular MANNERS and CUSTOMS of the
Inhabitants of CALABRIA.*

CALABRIA is a country of the kingdom of Naples, in the southern part of Italy. The women here are handsome, and take great pains to deck out their persons to advantage. Once a week they wash their hair with a lye of wood-ashes, which changes it from a dark brown to a flaxen yellow of many different tints in the same head of hair.

The funeral behaviour and measure of grief in the Calabrese are regulated by the strictest etiquette. The virtues as well as vices of a deceased father of a family are recapitulated by the oldest person in company. The widow repeats his words, adds comments of her own, then roars out loudly, and plucks off handfuls of her hair, which she strews over the bier. Daughters tear their locks, and beat their breasts, but remain silent. More distant relations repeat the oration coolly, and commit no outrage on their persons. When the kinsman of a baron or rich citizen dies, a number of old women are hired to perform all these ceremonies for the family.

At Naples, the forms are rather different. I was one day witness (says the learned and ingenious Mr. Swinburne) of the funeral of an old fisherman. The actions of his widow were so overstrained as to be truly ridiculous ;
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she tore off her hair and clothes, and yelled in the most hideous manner, till her step-sons appeared to take possession of the goods; she then turned her fury upon them, and beat them out of the house. The priest now came for the body, and she opposed their entry for a decent length of time; but at last, suffering herself to be overpowered by numbers, she flew to the window with her daughter and mother, (who, from her having outlived many of her relations, had scarcely a hair left on her head) and there beat her breast, scratched her cheeks, and threw whole handfuls of hair towards the bier with the frantic gestures of a demoniac. The procession was no sooner out of sight, than all was quiet; and in five minutes I heard them laughing and dancing about the room, as if rejoicing to be rid of the old churl.

In some parts of the country, it is a rule to feast the whole day of the interment. Two women, in a village near Salerno, mother and daughter of a farmer, at whose removal from the house they had acted their parts with great applause, locked themselves up, and, in order to recover strength after the fatigue they had undergone, began, in defiance of custom, to fry some pieces of tripe for their dinner. As ill-luck would have it, a couple of relations, who, living at a great distance, had come too late for the ceremony, knocked at the door to pay their respects to the disconsolate widow. Great was the difficulty they found in gaining admittance; all the parade
of

of grief was again displayed, the dinner slipped into a napkin, and hid under the bed, and nothing heard in the room but groans and lamentations. The strangers entered with composed mien, and were endeavouring, with little success, to administer comfort to their unhappy kinswomen, when, behold! a dog they had brought with them winded the fry, and dragged it out into the middle of the floor, to the great scandal of the visitors, and the utter confusion of the mourners, whose reputation was irrecoverably ruined in the esteem of the whole parish.

The Calabrians have some very capricious notions deeply rooted in their minds. One is, that every child, whose mother has been true to her marriage vow, must necessarily resemble the father. It is no doubt an easy matter to persuade a peasant, who seldom considers the lineaments of his face in a glass, that the features of the infant are miniature copies of his; but if he were to become thoroughly convinced, that no such resemblance existed, he would never be persuaded to pardon his wife, or look upon the child in any other light than that of a bastard.

They repose great confidence in judgments, and expect to see every person that jeers at another's defects, afflicted with the same; but they have a milder idea of the penalty attending passionate oaths and hasty curses. If the party offending repent, they suppose all danger is blown over.

If

If a person die in the fields by a violent or accidental death, it is believed that his spirit will appear in the same place in white robes; and that the only way of laying it is, to send out young boys to approach silently, and cover it with a volley of stones. Not long ago, a Dominican priest, sitting in his white garment on a hill near Tropea, employed in taking a sketch of the country, was mistaken for the ghost of an old woman, who had dropped down dead some time before on the identical spot. The supposed apparition brought out the youths of the neighbouring village, and the friar had his brains almost knocked out before he could convince the little exorcists of their error.

The Calabrian gypsies (for this vagabond tribe are found here, as well as in Spain and England) do not contract alliances with any other class of inhabitants, but marry among themselves. It is not possible to say where they reside, as they have no fixed habitation, consequently possess neither house nor land; but wherever they think proper to make any stay, there they pitch their tents. They generally work in iron, and make trivets, knitting-needles, bodkins, and such baubles. Their dress is extremely shabby; they shave their chins, but indulge a great length of hair, which they seldom disturb with either comb or scissors. As to their religion, it is a secret they have locked up in their own breasts. At their weddings they carry torches, and

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have paranymphs to give the bride away, with many other unusual rites. It is in reality almost an absurdity to talk of the religion of a set of people, whose moral character is so depraved, as to make it evident they believe in nothing capable of being a check upon their passions. They are universally accounted to be pilferers, cheats, faithless, shameless, and abandoned to all manner of dissoluteness.

Contracts and plighting of faith are by them esteemed mere empty forms; and whenever the breach promises more than the observance, they never hesitate a moment. No cheats can be more artful or impudent. When they bring their asses to sale, they prick their shoulders with very small needles set in a piece of cork, which makes the poor animals bound like deer. The unsuspecting chapman thinks he buys the fleetest of beasts, but perhaps finds, upon trial, that he has purchased a dull, restive, foundered grizel. The gypsies have a way of throwing down the mules and asses they wish to buy, and thereby depreciate their merit. They tell fortunes, and play juggling tricks, as they do in all other countries where they are tolerated. A gypsie being brought to trial for larceny, declared, that his law allowed him to take from others as much every day as sufficed for his maintenance. These people make use of two languages, one Calabrian, with a foreign accent and pronunciation; the other, a peculiar one of their own, which, in sound, seems to bear
a great

a great affinity to the oriental tongues, and is spoken when they have secrets to impart to each other.

One of the most intelligent of the crew being asked, why his nation was a wandering one, replied, that they could not remain in a place above a few days, without being overrun with lice. This propensity to breed vermin proceeds from their excessive filthiness. They sleep like dogs in a kennel, huddled together, men, women, and children, taking up no more room asleep than if they were dead and buried; which crowding must form a heat and fermentation, extremely favourable to the multiplication of nauseous insects.

We must not quit Calabria, without saying something of Cannæ, so celebrated for the famous battle between Hannibal and the Romans. The traces of the town of Cannæ (says Mr. Swinburne in his visit to this spot) are very faint, consisting of fragments of altars, cornices, gates, walls, vaults and underground granaries. At the foot of the hill is a large arch, over a marble trough, which receives the waters of a copious spring. Here we found a camp of Abruzzese shepherds on the point of departing for the mountains. They were rough in aspect, dialect, and dress, but civil and hospitable, offering us cheese, milk, and cold meat. The chief of them gave us some brass coins of Zeno and Leo, which were found among the ruins, and he seemed astonished at our offering to pay him for such baubles.

The hill above the well, being rather higher than the rest, served as a reconnoitering post; and here my eyes ranged at large over the vast expanse of unvariegated plains. All was silent; not a man; not an animal, appeared to enliven the scene. We stood on ruins, and over vaults; the banks of the river were desert and wild. My thoughts naturally assumed the tint of the dreary prospect, as I reflected on the fate of Rome and Carthage. Rome recovered from the blow she received in these fields; but her liberty, fame, and trophies, have long been levelled in the dust. Carthage lies in ruins less discernible than those of the paltry walls of Cannæ; the very traces of them have almost vanished from the face of the earth. The daring projects, marches, and exploits of her hero, even the victory obtained on this spot, would, like thousands of other human achievements, have been long ago buried in oblivion, had not his very enemies consigned him to immortality; for the annals of Carthage exist no more: one common ruin has swallowed up all.

OBSERVATIONS *made in a TOUR through*
the Kingdom of SPAIN.

AFTER having visited the principal provinces of France, we took our leave of that polite, gay, versatile people, the French, and began to contract our features into a constrained gravity of countenance, adapted to the stately and solemn reception we expected to meet with from a Catalonian grandee, to whom we were recommended. In that part of Catalonia which we traversed to arrive at its capital, I saw nothing worthy of a moment's regard; but Barcelona, where we stopped a short time, merits some attention.

The city of Barcelona is well fortified, but the harbour is a very bad one; for, in stormy weather, it is by no means secure, even within the port. The Catalans mortally hate the Castilians, and I believe there is no government in the world, which they would not prefer to the Spanish. Their repeated rebellions have testified this truth; but, at length, the court of Madrid has reduced them to such abject slavery, that they have not the liberty to form even any useless design to throw off the yoke. The citadel, which commands the city and the harbour, is such a formidable obstacle to all secret disposition to revolt, that the inhabitants entertain no hopes of tranquillity but from humble obedience.

The citizens in all the towns of Catalonia are disarmed, and the peasants in the villages are narrowly watched, by a great number of regular forces dispersed in different parts of the country. It is true, that all these precautions require great pains and attention on the part of the Spanish ministry; but there is an absolute necessity for this rigorous conduct. In the last revolt at Barcelona, things were carried to such an extremity, that the friars headed the rebels, mounted guard, relieved the soldiers in the most dangerous posts, and animated them by their courageous examples and exhortations; they even carried their sacred relicks upon the ramparts, and very often the Spanish cannon took off, at one stroke, both the friar and his saint. The very nuns, notwithstanding the weakness of their sex, took part in the general insurrection; for they hung out at the windows of their convents red silk standards, to shew that they desired no quarters might be given the Castilians.

Let us now change the scene, and, from the rigour of their government, descend to the peaceful manner of the inhabitants in common life. The women in this province are more free than in other parts of Spain. Duennas, and jealousies, which last are a kind of box placed before the windows, with small holes bored in it, so that the ladies may see passengers, but cannot themselves be seen; these, and all badges of mean suspicion, are destroyed, at least, what remains there are

so trivial, as to serve only as an useless ceremonial. The great number of French and Flemings established at Barcelona, the quantity of troops in garrison, all of whom are Walloons, have accustomed the Catalans to bear with the infidelity of their wives. There are, indeed, some few husbands of the ancient jealous disposition; but their vigilance and mistrust only hasten their misfortunes. Gallantry in this city is become an epidemical disease introduced by the French; but though the progress of intrigue is as successful and extensive in Spain as in France, yet the means of obtaining the desired end differ widely. In France, a lover declares himself openly, follows his mistress to the opera, to all public places, and to parties of company in private houses; in short, every rendezvous for polite amusement, every splendid feast, and almost every family entertainment, give him a fair opportunity to form his connections. In Spain, the success of the gallant depends on concealing the sensations of his breast from the public, in being discreet and secret, even at the hazard of his life. The churches are the only places for commencing and carrying on an intrigue, in order to bring it to a happy issue. The mother accompanies her daughter, and the husband his wife, to all places of entertainment; but women of all stations go alone to their devotions; so that every saint's-day supplies the place of a play or a ball, and under the veil of piety, the lover finds himself indemnified for all restraints. The first meeting,

meeting, and the final conclusion of all criminal contracts, happen in churches: there the bargain is made, which is afterwards executed at the houses of women who are called devout, and pass for saints, and to whose houses young persons may resort without scandal. Most of the Spanish ladies have one or more of these venerable female friends, whose apartments are covered with *Agnus Dei's* and skulls. A husband would be looked upon as a fool, or even as an heretic, who should suspect that Donna Mendoca, or Donna Valcabra, both devout women of the sisterhood of St. Francis, could be capable of so vile an action, as lending their assistance to a criminal intrigue. Besides, these pious souls are regarded as already beatified, and they keep up a close and constant correspondence with the Cordeliers who confess them, and with whom they are associated. As for the Spanish friars in general, they do not stand upon ceremony, but are received with open arms into the houses of persons of all ranks, enjoying as many, or more privileges than the masters; owing to which, they are more insolent, ignorant, and debauched, than those of any other kingdom. If children were to come into the world with some particular mark, denoting their true fathers, one half of the Spaniards would be found to belong to the priests and friars. But one circumstance is remarkably singular: though the secular priests and the monks lead the most loose and disorderly lives, the Spanish bishops

in general are an ornament to their high stations; and by the integrity of their manners, and the sanctity of their examples, would do honour to the purest religion upon earth. These pontiffs were the only persons in Spain not subject to the tribunal of the inquisition, which made all the rest of the subjects of this monarchy tremble.

To my air of gravity I added an affected silence on my arrival in Spain, as I found the inhabitants great œconomists of words. It suits with their natural reserve and melancholy, which I was told would increase as I approached Madrid, so that I expected to see there a set of weeping citizens. However, even at Madrid, I met with something to divert me, in a place where I expected to be affected with sorrow. A company of comedians arrived at Barcelona, and I was assured, that they were all excellent, but especially the principal performer, who had withdrawn from Madrid upon some disgust. Our Spanish friends pressed us to be present at the representation of a new tragedy, entitled, *The Death of Alexis, or the Pattern of Chastity*.

Judge of my surprise, when I saw on the stage two comedians in the habits of friars, and found that they were to represent the chief personages of the drama; but the subject of this tragedy corresponded with the dignity of the characters. Alexis, the hero of the piece, was a Roman knight, who, being a great admirer of celibacy, leaves his wife abruptly on the wedding night, and,
after

after wandering about from place to place, at length arrived at his father's house, where he is not known; but being received as an object of charity into a wretched chamber, he there expires. A note found in his hand after his decease, discovers him to his unhappy father; but the paper cannot be forced from him, and, dead as he is, he will not deliver it to any person but the pope, who arrives with his whole court to receive the note, and his pompous entry terminates the piece. Aléxis, in the beginning of the first act, is only eighteen years of age, and in the fifth he is two-and-forty. The unities of the place and action were just as well observed; and, upon the whole, I do not think it possible to carry absurdity and stupid prejudice to a greater length. The Spaniards, however, are in possession of some good pieces; but the generality of the people do not relish them. They had rather see St. James or St. Philip on the stage, than Achilles or Agamemnon; and the scourging of St. Francis excites more tears than the distress of Andromache, or the despair of Hermoine. Every thing in this country must have the air of devotion, or rather of superstition. Even during the representation of the above piece, I heard a bell ring, and immediately all the spectators fell upon their knees, the comedians set the example, and the two actors, who were upon the stage in the middle of the scene, stopped, moved their lips, and muttered some words in a whisper with the rest of the people. This ceremony

ceremony being over, they all got up, and the play went on. On enquiry, I was told, that this was an office of devotion, called the Angelus, which I believe none but the Spaniards would have thought of performing at such a time and in such a place. But the mystery of this farce is, that a certain convent enjoys the privilege of this transitory devotion, and a deputation of the friars, who receive money for it at the door, under pretence of relieving the poor, and by this method share part of the profits of the theatre. This deduction from their revenue excepted, the comedians enjoy the same rights as the rest of the citizens. They do not live excommunicated, as in France, nor are they denied the funeral service at their death; but they do not erect monuments to their memory, as is practised in England. By observing a medium between the two extremes, the Spaniards, in this particular, shew a degree of moderation highly laudable.

During two months residence in Spain, I had more occasion to reflect on the pride and ignorance of mankind, than any other country would have furnished me with in two years. The road from Barcelona to Madrid is the most frequented of any in this country; and yet a traveller is often in want of every necessary in several places. Far from finding any inn like those on the roads through France or England, you only meet with wretched ventas, (paltry taverns) which are large houses almost in ruins, and in which there are three or four
bedsteads

bedsteads in the middle of paltry garrets. A weary traveller, on his arrival at one of these miserable resting-places, finds nothing to eat. He must send to buy bread at the baker's, and meat at the butcher's, and, if he have no servant, he must go to market himself; for the landlord would not discompose himself for a prince, and would think himself dishonoured, if he were to make one advance beyond the line of his duty, which is confined within very narrow bounds. Nothing but necessity can induce a man to travel in Spain: he must be an idiot, if he make the tour of this country from mere curiosity, unless he has a design to publish memoirs of the extravagancies of human nature. In that case, he cannot do better, for he will every where find pride, baseness, poverty, ignorance, bigotry, superstition, and ridiculous ceremony. This is a faithful abstract of the character of the Spaniards; and though we frequently see accounts printed in foreign countries, that the present race are not like those of former times, assure yourself, that they only confound strangers established in Spain with the original natives. It is true, indeed, that the court is greatly altered, especially since the alliance with France, called the Family Compact, which has excited the grandees, who in every country are slaves to ambition, to imitate the French manners, and to throw off the Spanish habit, as well as the ancient customs and etiquettes of their country; but the common people, the citizens, and the middling gentry, are

are just the same ostentatious, solemn, vain, poor wretches they were in the time of Philip the Second.

It is hardly credible to what lengths the Spanish people carry their pride; it would astonish any one, to see on holidays a croud of workmen, who, for want of bread have fasted half the week, walking gravely through the streets in black silk clothes, with swords by their sides, and saluting each other with honourable titles. When a peasant meets another in the fields, he salutes him in a grave and emphatical style, and says to him, "Adieu, my lord." The other seriously returns this civility, and the affair passes with as much ceremony, as if it had been the interview of two powerful monarchs on the confines of their respective dominions. It may easily be conceived, that so proud a people will sometimes be mutinous; however, I must do the populace the justice to say, that upon these occasions they have shewn more spirit and resolution than their governors. Under Charles the Second, the court having published an ordinance fixing the price of shoes, the respectable fraternity of shoemakers of the city of Madrid presented a request to the president of the council of Castile, by which they required, that the matter should be put upon its ancient footing; but he did not dispatch the business so expeditiously as they expected. Upon this, they took their benches and their lasts under their arms, and seated themselves under the window of the king's palace, cry-

ing out, "Long live the king, and perish all bad ministers!" The king, surprised at such extraordinary and unexpected music, came to the window, and taking a view of this formidable body of mutineers, he sent for the president of the council, who saw himself reduced to the necessity of permitting them to make shoes, as usual, of as bad leather as they should think proper, and at their own price.

When you reflect on the resources of this ancient kingdom, and the immense revenues brought home annually from the mines of Mexico, you cannot but wonder at the inconsiderable figure it has made, for some time, in the history of Europe; but, if you were to be upon the spot, that surprise would instantly cease, for it would then be evident, that pride and laziness banish the trading arts, and all industrious labour, which are the sources of the relative riches of a nation.

The natives of Spain neither raise any thing they eat, nor manufacture any thing they wear: this, in a few words, is a solution to that paradoxical assertion, "They are poor in the possession of great wealth." All the money that comes into the kingdom, is scarcely sufficient to counterpoise the evils of pride and laziness. The French and Flemings, who resort to Spain to serve the haughty Dons with every commodity they want for home consumption, it is computed, carry out of the kingdom two thirds of the vast sums brought into it annually in the galleons.

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It is inconceivable what numbers of industrious foreigners are to be found in Spain, who cultivate their lands, build their houses, and perform all the servile offices of life; for a Spaniard would think himself disgraced for ever, if he were to assist in any such occupations. The Walloon regiments in the service of the crown, observing the indolence of these people, invite their brethren and friends to come and settle among them; and when they have amassed a few pistoles, which, in the hands of a frugal Fleming, make a small capital to carry on some profitable art or trade, they take leave of the Don Diegos, and Don Sanchos, and return home well satisfied with their journey. A French writer calculates, that no less than eighty thousand foreigners, chiefly French and Flemish, come into and go out of Spain in this manner yearly, and that each carries away with him a little fortune.

The great number of friars in this country, and the veneration they are held in, is another cause why the lands are badly cultivated, and that vast tracks lie fallow. The priests here are always in the right, and under the pretext of Judaism, witchcraft, blasphemy, or some other false accusation, whoever will not bend the knee to monastic idols, are sure to be plundered of their property, and afterwards delivered to the inquisition, to be punished for incurring the displeasure of those holy robbers, who, in reality, having no quarrel with them, but coveting their property,

perty, take this method to get possession, and then to silence the complaints of the oppressed. However, happily for the Spaniards, the infernal power of the inquisition is now in a manner annihilated, and the remark I have just made is rather more applicable to the past than the present times, as far as it regards the terrors of the inquisition.

Hitherto I have confined my remarks to the commonalty and the friars, I will now endeavour to draw the character of the nobles and grandees. In general, the nobility of this country make idleness one of their chief privileges. A simple nobleman in Spain is a very abstemious man; but he is so either through poverty or laziness. He is haughty, grave, and ignorant, prejudiced to an excess in favour of himself and his native country, heartily despising all others, and doing the French the honour of hating them mortally. He seldom embraces the profession of arms, but most commonly passes his time between the city and the village where he was born, solely occupied in reading old romances, and the works of St. Theresia, or some such visionary, servilely submissive to the friars, and born the slave of the female sex. Such is the portrait of a Spanish nobleman, whose condition is infinitely more to be pitied than envied.

The grandees of Spain carry their pride and indolence to the greatest excess, as far surpassing the simple nobles, as they do the citizens. One remarkable story will give a clearer

clearer idea of their vanity, than all the descriptive narratives I can give of what passed under my own observation.

In the reign of Philip the Fifth, the pride of the grandees was mortified beyond all example, by the elevation of a person of mean condition to that dignity. Valenzuela had been the page of the Duke de Infantado. His master dying, he was left without a patron, and was reduced to poverty, when, by means of a friar, he procured a trifling place in the royal palace. He was young, handsome, and of an enterprising genius. With these talents, he won the affections of a German lady, called Donna Eugenia, the queen's principal confidante. A close connection ensued, and Donna Eugenia, resolved to make the fortune of her lover, publicly married him. After this, she so powerfully availed herself of the ascendancy she had gained over the will of the queen regent, that, from post to post, she at last raised him to the first dignity of the kingdom; for she made him a grandee of Spain, of the first class, with the double key.

This promotion was a mortal blow given to the rest of the grandees, who were so struck with the news, that they had not the strength to complain of the injury done to their order. They were quite stupified, and after looking at each other like statues, when they assembled together on this melancholy event, they only at length broke out into this useless exclamation, "Valenzuela is a grandee!"

O tempora! O mores!" One of their order, however, was more sensibly affected; for he took to his bed, shut out the light of the sun, which had shone on this base deed, and continued this life for ten years; at the expiration of which he died, without having quitted his chamber in all that time, or suffered the sun to enter it. When his valet de chambre came into his room, he used to ask him daily, "What weather is it?" and when this question was answered, he put a second, "Is my butcher made a grandee of Spain?" "No, my lord," the servant would reply. "Well, then, keep the window shut close," added the wounded deer, and thus ended the business of the day.

The fortune of Valenzuela, which occasioned the lunacy of this lord, was as short as it was rapid. The queen, his protectress, was banished the court, and ordered to retire to a convent at Toledo, as soon as Charles came of age; and her favourite was exiled to the Phillippine Islands, after being divested of all his honours and employments, and forced from a church in which he had taken refuge.

The ruin of Valenzuela, though it seemed to repair the affront done to the dignity of the haughty grandees, subjected them to a fresh mortification; for the pope being informed, that some of these lords had, with their own hands, taken the disgraced favourite from the altar, excommunicated all those who had been guilty of this sacrilege; and,
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in order to remove this curse, they were obliged to march through the streets, like criminals, in their shirts, with halters round their necks, to the palace of the nuncio Molini, who gave each of them a few gentle scourges on the back, and thus humbled the pride of Spain by Italian arrogance.

I shall now proceed to give a concise account of the principal diversions of Madrid. One of them is as remarkably singular, as another is common to all the nations of Europe. The peculiar amusement I mean is their bull-feast; the universal one, card-playing or gaming. While I was there, I assisted at both, and shall therefore mention the particulars of the bull-feasts, which are regular combats, or duels if you please, between men and bulls. The ceremonial of opening a bull-feast at Madrid is much more solemn and important, than that of declaring war against an enemy.

A vast theatre is prepared upon the Place Major, or grand square, for the accommodation of all persons of rank of both sexes. The royal family are always present, the king and queen arriving most pompously attended in grand procession, and all the grantees have seats near the throne, according to their quality and state offices. The first animal, whose death is to commence the diversion, cannot perish but by a royal decree, for the king signs an act to slaughter him. The butchers for the day are all knights or gentlemen of illustrious families. Some are

on foot, and others on horseback, and they pass for men of approved valour, when they have plunged their spears into the bodies of a number of these animals, though there is not the least peril in these rencontres, nor the smallest degree of personal courage. They rehearse their bloody performances for a long time before they execute them in public, and they will not enter the lists till they be sure of acquiring Spanish glory, which consists in the applause of the ladies. On the defeat of each animal, the loudest acclamations are heard from all the spectators, so that a stranger must naturally conclude, that the death of each bull augments the renown and strength of this ancient kingdom. Nothing more need be said on this savage entertainment, which has filled so many pages, to little purpose, in many books of travels, it being in every respect a very dull scene, without any variation. However, this bull-feast, at which I was present, was the last exhibited at Madrid; and probably nothing of the kind will again be permitted, as the present king, who is more of the Frenchman than the Spaniard, seems desirous of abolishing such savage sports, and of gradually introducing French manners and refinements.

After the bull-feast, I was invited to pass the evening at the hotel of a lady, who had a public card assembly. This recreation, innocent and trifling when first invented, is become a regular profession in France and Spain. This vile method of subsisting on the
folly

folly of mankind is confined in Spain to the nobility. None but women of quality are permitted to hold banks, and there are many, whose Pharaoh banks bring them in a clear income of a thousand guineas a year. The lady, to whom I was introduced, is an old countess, who has lived near thirty years on the profits of the card-tables in her house. They are frequented every day, and though both natives and foreigners are duped of large sums by her and her cabinet junto, yet it is the greatest house of resort in all Madrid. She goes to court, visits people of the first fashion, and is received with as much respect and veneration, as if she exercised the most sacred functions of a divine profession. Almost all the widows of great men keep gaming houses, and live splendidly on the vices of mankind. If you be not disposed to be either a sharper or a dupe, you cannot be admitted a second time to these assemblies. I was no sooner presented to the lady before mentioned, than she offered me cards; and on my excusing myself, because I really could not play, having never been able to reconcile myself to the needless study of learning any one game with cards, she made a wry face, turned from me, and said to another lady in my hearing, she wondered how any foreigner should have the impudence to come to her house, for no other purpose than to make an apology for not playing. My Spanish conductor, unfortunately for him, had not the same apology: he played and lost his money, two circumstances

stances which constantly follow one another in these houses.

While my friend was thus playing the fool, I attentively watched the countenance and motions of the lady of the house. Her anxiety, address, and assiduity, were equal to that of some skilful shopkeeper, who has a certain attraction to engage all to buy, and a diligence to take care that none shall escape the net. I found out all her private-counsellors, by her arrangement of her parties at the different tables; and whenever she shewed an extraordinary eagerness to fix one particular person with a stranger, the game was always decided the same way, and her good friend was sure to win the money. In short, it is hardly possible to see good company at Madrid, without you resolve to leave a purse of gold at the card assemblies of their nobility.

It has always been my custom, when I saw any fashionable vice predominant with people of high rank in any country, to endeavour to counterbalance it by some favourite virtue equally in vogue. Thus in England, you may balance scandal and defamation, a reigning vice, by charity, which is in no country so much in fashion as it is among the British people of quality; who are all patrons of some charitable institution or other, for the relief of the indigent, the sick, the lame, and the insane; but at Madrid, the most fashionable article, next to gaming, is religion. It is, however, very far from counterpoising the evil of card-playing; for I cannot find, that the
morals

morals of these people are in the least affected by it.

It may be thought a paradox, but certain I am, that the devotion of these people borders upon irreligion, for they believe in every thing but God. A revolution must take place in heaven, to rectify religion in Spain. There are too many saints in the Spanish paradise. The prayers they address to the celestial throne are intercepted half way by a crowd of supposed delegates of the Supreme Being. No terms can be sufficiently ridiculous, to express the contemptible ideas of the Spaniards in their devotions. The Holy Virgin, as she is here styled, is the principal object of divine worship, because she gave birth to Christ; and, if it were not for the Mother, the Son would not be held in any degree of veneration.

Religion, which is intended to enlighten the understanding, and render men happy, serves here only to obscure their genius, and distract their imaginations. Superstition, the daughter of Despotism and Ignorance, keeps their senses enslaved. Before the common people will labour for their own subsistence, or the good of the community, they must observe the festivals of their saints. Above one hundred and fifty days are employed in invoking the aid of their idols, for success to their industry the remainder of the year. During all these holidays, the state languishes, and the government is inactive. What shall we say of a people, over whom false devotion has such an influence, that it impoverishes

the kingdom, and cuts the nerves of political power?

There are no laws in Spain to prevent idleness, nor does the employment of its citizens enter into the plan of government. Individuals may be lost, dead to the community, forty years before they be buried; because a man may be a subject of Spain without exercising any trade or profession whatever, in the same manner, as many people make a genteel figure in London, who have nothing to support them but their wits; but the Spaniards have not abilities to procure a livelihood by the diabolical arts of swindling. Inaction is not reckoned a vice in Spain; on the contrary, it is a virtue, or at least a title to honours and high offices in the state. When a man can prove six hundred years of idleness in his family, descending from father to son, he acquires nobility, with all the privileges annexed thereto. A poor man of quality, who should take it into his head to leave the path of his ancestors, and employ himself in some work of industry or ingenuity, would be immediately degraded in the eyes of his countrymen; it would be stiled a degeneracy, and though he should acquire an immense fortune by his industry, neither himself nor his children would recover the rank of their forefathers. This is the true reason, why the Spanish nobility prefer beggary or starving to trade or commerce.

The king of Spain has three hundred thousand subjects shut up in cloisters; fifty thousand,

land, who have nothing to do but to ground their firelocks, then shoulder them, and finally to repose themselves and their arms daily, after an hour's parade; and twenty thousand idle nobility and gentry, who retain forty thousand domesticks to support their laziness. As soon as a citizen of Madrid has gained a yearly income of an hundred ounces of silver, (under thirty pounds Sterling) by his industry, he quits his vocation to be a gentleman, and to have the privilege of being idle from morning to night. Such is the ill-fated idea of this indolent and bigoted people.

A people, who are industrious, because it is one principle of the government they live under to promote and reward it, must be a great and flourishing nation, while such an one as Spain gradually falls into contempt and indigence. The contrast between Holland and Spain is a full proof of what I have asserted.

I shall now recapitulate, in a few words, all the grievances of this government, which is the most feeble and languishing of any in Europe. An innumerable host of lazy bigots, living in a state of celibacy, continually diminishes population. Fictitious riches prevent real opulence. A vast accessory dominion, separated by immense oceans, absorbs the principal. Agriculture abandoned, traffic destroyed, manufactures discouraged, and gaming eagerly pursued as a trade, must in time produce a dissolution of the Spanish em-

pire, or render it a poor and pitiful state, subject to the controul of some formidable monarchy, most probably to that of France; and this period, the independency of America, may not a little contribute to hasten, as it is not probable, that the newly-rising states in the western world will long leave the settlements in Spain, on the other side of the Atlantic, in the peaceful possession of the court of Madrid.

*A TOUR through the City and Kingdom of
VALENCIA in SPAIN.*

WE arrived at Valencia in the beginning of December, 1775, where our first morning passed very strangely, in a visit to the old intendant of the province, to whom we brought a letter of recommendation from his confere of Catalonia. The old usurer, whose figure resembled that of the bandy-legged apothecary in Hogarth's *Marriage à-la-mode*, received us very ungraciously, took our letter and flung it on the table, without saying a word to us, or even offering us a seat. Having waited some time, we began to look at each other and laugh. Upon this the intendant looked up, and asked if we were not Catalans. "No, Sir, (replied I) we are English gentlemen upon our travels." This answer

answer produced a wonderful effect. Oh! oh! (said he) you come from a better country. Can I be of any service to you? Bring these gentlemen chairs. Do you choose to take any refreshment?" continued he, pulling off his hat, and making us a profound bow. We asked him for the only thing we stood in need of, a protection against the people of the custom-houses, who, though they do not meddle with your baggage, pester you at every gate for something to drink, or buy tobacco with.

The intendant's character is very little respected, nor indeed does it deserve the love or esteem of the Valencians, if the traits they relate be true. Many are the stories they tell of his avarice and hardness of heart; but one will suffice to set him in his proper light. Not long before we were there, he was confined to his bed by a severe fit of illness, and positive orders were given, that he should not be disturbed by applications, petitions, or any thing appertaining to his employment. It so happened, that a tradesman, who had been taken up for smuggling, and kept in prison for some weeks, was discovered to be perfectly innocent of the crime laid to his charge. One of the magistrates thought, that, for so just a cause as the restoring of an honest man to his liberty, and to his distressed and indigent family, whose very existence depended upon his industry, he might venture to break through the injunction of the intendant. He accordingly procured admittance, and presented the proper paper requisite to be signed, before

the jailor could deliver up his prisoner. As soon as the old wretch understood the purport of his visit, he flew into a most violent rage, and absolutely refused to sign. Another officer, seeing the door open, took that opportunity of handing up an order for commitment of a fellow that had been detected in illicit practices. The intendant no sooner read it, than he called for a pen, and set his hand to it with great pleasure, at the same time persisting in his refusal to comply with the first request.

The climate of Valencia is mild and pleasant, but there is something faintish and enervating in the air. Every thing we eat was insipid, and void of subsistence; the wine, greens, and meat, seemed the artificial and forced productions of continual waterings and hot-beds. Here a man may labour for an hour at a piece of mutton, and, when he has tired his grinders, find he has been chewing only the idea of a dinner. The meat, as soon as cut into, yields abundance of gravy, and may be said to bleed a second time to death; for nothing remains but a mere withered lump. Vegetables, with the finest outward shew imaginable, taste of nothing but water. This watery quality seems also to infect the bodies and minds of the Valencians, for though they are largely built and personal men, they are flabby and inanimate. We saw no women out at work in the fields; but this may have proceeded from their constant employment within doors, as much as
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from any remnants of the Moorish jealousy, though the Valencians still retain much of the features and manners of their old Saracen masters. To this day, the farmers will not allow their wives to set at table, but make them stand at their elbow and wait upon them. The Castilians and Catalans hold the Valencians in sovereign contempt, and stigmatize them with many opprobrious appellations, dictated, as we must in charity suppose, by the rancour of national apathy. The inhabitants of this province are said to have more of the filth, and sullen and unpolished manners of the old Spaniards, and to have adopted less of foreign improvements in civilization, than most other parts of Spain. They strut about all day in monstrous hats and dark-brown coats, which give the crowds in the streets the appearance of a funeral procession. Scarce any society is kept up among them, though the salubrity of the climate, and reasons of œconomy, induce several very considerable families to make this city the place of their abode. In some strange way or other they spend very large incomes, without doing themselves the least credit. Their chief expence lies in servants, mules, and equipages; low and obscure amours often consume the best part of their fortunes; and they live in so pitiful a manner, that most part of them send out to the wine-vault for a pint of wine to their meals.

This city is large, and almost circular; its lofty walls have towers remaining in one
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quarter, the rest having been demolished; a fine broad road goes quite round, and the suburbs are considerable. Several large but clumsy bridges cross the bed where the river should run; but either from drought, or from the many bleedings it undergoes above, for the purpose of watering the fields, there was then scarce water enough in the Guadalaviar to wash a handkerchief; but in rainy seasons the floods are very tremendous. The captain-general resides in the suburbs, in an uncouth Gothic palace, at the entrance of the Alameda, a long double avenue of poplars, cypresses, and palms, where, on great festivals, the nobility take the air in their coaches. About a mile below is the Grao, or port of Valencia, which, properly speaking, is only an open road, the mole having been long ago swept away by some violent storm. The dusty highway from the city hither is the fashionable drive; and, for the accommodation of such as have no carriages of their own, several single-horse chairs wait at all hours at the gates. This vehicle is very uneasy, and open to all weathers; but the horses are excellent, and run along like lightning. The driver sits sideways at your feet, and all the way keeps chattering to the horse, and patting him behind. Having one day occasion for a coach to carry us about, the stable-boy of our inn offered his services, and in a quarter of an hour brought to the door a coach and four fine mules, with two postillions and a lacquey, all in flaming liveries. We found out that they belonged

belonged to a countess, who, like the rest of the nobility, allows her coachman to let out her equipage when she has no occasion for it. It cost us about nine shillings, which no doubt was the perquisites of the servants.

The streets of Valencia are crooked and narrow; and not being paved, they are full of dust in dry weather, and in wet knee-deep in mud. The reason given for this scandalous neglect is, that by these means a greater quantity of manure is produced, which, in a plain so full of gardens, is of inestimable value. Various and overpowering are the stinks that rise up in every corner; in which respect, as well as in many others, this country resembles Lombardy. The houses are filthy, ill-built, and ruinous; most of the churches tawdry, and loaded with barbarous ornaments both without and within. The most agreeable architecture I met with was in the church of Escuelas Pias, and of Neustra Sonnora de los Desamparados, both rotundas. In the multitude of sacred edifices, some may be found that excel in particular parts, as one may please the eye by the just proportion of its dimensions, another strike by the richness of its marbles and paintings; but in all, the judicious observer will be disgusted with loads of garlands, pyramids, broken pediments, and monstrous cornices; a taste too Gothic and trifling for any thing but the front of a mountebank's booth, or puppet-show in a fair. Some churches have domes, but the greater part tall and slender turrets, painted and bedecked
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with all sorts of pilasters and whimsical devices; every thing is gilt and bedecked with incredible profusion. The Spaniards understand the gilder's business perfectly, and the purity of their gold, with the dryness of the climate, preserves their works for years in its primitive lustre. The convent of the Franciscan friars has something very grand and pleasing in its double court, which is divided by a light wing, upon an open portico, with fountains playing in each division.

The cathedral is a large Gothic pile; its archbishopric is one of the best in Spain, and is said to bring in about forty thousand pounds Sterling a year, paid in cash into the hands of two receivers. The present archbishop of Valencia, as well as the last one, is the son of a peasant. The ruling passion of both has been convent building, which is of no use to the state. Priests, nuns, and friars, of every dress and denomination, swarm in this city, where some convents have more than an hundred monks, all richly provided for.

The produce of silk in this province, in the year 1775, amounted in value to one million of money. The great nurseries of mulberry-plants in this plain are produced from seed, obtained by rubbing a rope of esparto over heaps of ripe mulberries, and then burying the rope two inches under ground. As the young plants come up, they are drawn and transplanted, and set out in rows in the fields. The fruits exported from Valencia to the north

north of Europe may be estimated, one year with another, at about three hundred and thirty-four thousand pounds. Besides these, they produce great quantities of hemp, rice, and cotton; yet, amidst all this abundance, nothing can be more wretched than the Valencian peasantry, who with difficulty procure food to keep their families from starving.

We were one night at the play, which gave us no very respectable opinion of the taste and politeness of a Valencian audience. The house was low, dark, and dirty, the actors execrable, and the pit full of men in cloaks and night-caps, driving such puffs of tobacco out of their cigarros, as filled the whole room with smoke, and at last forced us to make a precipitate retreat.

CHARACTER of CHARLES THE THIRD;
the present KING of SPAIN.

THE King of Spain is a much better looking man than most of his pictures make him. He has a good-natured laughing eye; but the lower part of his face, by being exposed to all weathers, is become of a deep copper colour, though what his hat covers is fair, as he naturally has a good skin. In statue, he is rather short, thickly built about
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the legs and thighs, and narrow in the shoulders. His dress seldom varies from a large hat, a plain grey Segovia frock, a buff waistcoat, a small dagger, black breeches, and worsted stockings. His pockets are always stuffed with knives, gloves, and shooting-tackle. On court days a fine suit is hung upon his shoulders; but as he has an eye to his afternoon sport, and is a great economist of his time, his black breeches are worn to all coats.

I believe there are but three days in the whole year that he spends without going a shooting, and these are noted with the blackest mark in the calendar. Were they to occur often, his health would be in danger; and an accident that was to confine him to the house, would infallibly bring on a fit of illness. No storm, heat, cold, or wet, can keep him at home; and when he hears of a wolf being seen, distance is no consideration: he would drive over half his kingdom, rather than miss an opportunity of firing upon that favourite game.

Besides a most numerous retinue of persons belonging to the hunting establishment, several times in the year, all the idle fellows in and about Madrid are hired to beat the country, and drive the wild boars, deers, and hares, into a ring, where they pass before the royal family. A very large annual sum is distributed among the proprietors of land about the capital, and near the country palaces, by way of indemnification for the damage

mage done to the corn. I was assured, that it cost seventy thousand pounds sterling for the environs of Madrid, and thirty thousand for those of St. Ildefonso. In order to be entitled to this reimbursement, the farmers scatter just as much seed-corn over their grounds, as will grow up into something like a crop; but they do not always give themselves the trouble of getting in the scanty harvest, being sufficiently paid for their labour by the royal bounty.

Being naturally of an even temper, the king is sure to see events on the favourable side only; and whenever he has determined in his own mind, that a measure is proper to be pursued, he is an utter enemy to alteration. As far as I can judge, by comparing the different accounts I have had, he is a man of the strictest probity, incapable of adopting any scheme, which he is not satisfied, in his own conscience, is just and honourable. His features are so immoveable, that the most fortunate, or the most disastrous occurrences, are alike unable to make the smallest variation in them. He is rigid in his morals, and strenuously attached to his religion; but he does not suffer his devotion to lay him open to the enterprises of Rome, or the encroachments of his own clergy: on the contrary, they have frequently met with rougher usage at his hands, than they might have expected even from a free-thinker.

The regularity of his own life renders him very strict about the conduct of his children, whom

whom he obliges to be out fishing or shooting as long as he is absent on the same business. This he does to prevent their having time or opportunity to harbour bad thoughts; and I verily believe he goes out so constantly himself, to keep down the vigour of his own constitution. He seldom addresses himself to any young men of his court, but delights in conversing and joking with elderly persons, and such as are of his own age, especially monks and friars. He is very partial to Naples, and always speaks of that country with great feeling.

*Short Account of the City of LISBON, the
Capital of the Kingdom of PORTUGAL.*

LISBON is situated on several little hills, near the embouchure of the Tagus, extending itself beautifully for about three miles on the northern banks of the river, and the broadest part of the town may be rather more than a mile. On the first of November, 1756, this wealthy and flourishing city was, by a tremendous earthquake, laid level with the ground. Near thirty thousand of the inhabitants were buried in the ruins, and those who remained, with the court itself, were reduced to the utmost distress and misery. A terrible conflagration followed this convulsion
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of nature, and compleated the ruin of the capital of Portugal. As soon as an account of this melancholy accident arrived in England, the parliament voted one hundred thousand pounds for the relief of the sufferers. St. Ubes, situated at a little distance from Lisbon, was destroyed at the same time. The shocks continued for several days after, being felt in most parts of Europe, and the waters were agitated in many places in a most surprising manner. The cities of Fez and Morocco also received considerable damage from the severe shocks they had in those parts, where numbers of the inhabitants were likewise destroyed.

The devastations of this earthquake were still recent, when I visited this city in 1775, whole streets lying in a demolished state. However, some good will be derived from that misfortune, for a handsome city is rising out of the ruins of one that was most deformed, a sample of which is still to be seen in many parts that escaped demolition. Their streets were very irregular, and so narrow, that the projections of the upper stories of the houses, on the opposite side, almost met, thereby excluding both sun and air. Such indeed is the state of those houses that escaped the disaster.

After the earthquake, a stupor ensued for several years, when, at length, the new town was begun; though it was against the inclination of the inhabitants, either to build or reside on that part where its shocking effects

were most apparent. In the new city, great attention is paid to uniformity; and the houses, being built of white stone, have a beautiful appearance; but they are certainly too lofty for a place where earthquakes are so frequent, being four or five stories high. The streets are flagged for foot-passengers, and raised above the carriage-way; but they are unnecessarily loaded with stones, placed perpendicularly, like the posts formerly in London. The streets are not lighted, and those of the old town are remarkably dirty, every kind of filth being thrown into them. There is a paltry kind of public walk lately made, by no means in a stile with the town. Here, by particular edict, no one is allowed to go in a cloak, and the same rule of exemption extends to some of the coffee-houses. The policy of this government is to encourage the French dress, and bring it into universal esteem.

I must here take notice of a prejudice both in this country and Spain, which is somewhat singular. Having had the finest moonlight evenings imaginable, I constantly noticed, that the women held their fans in such a manner as to prevent the moon from shining on their faces, as they conceive it will spoil their complexions. At Madrid, the same prejudice prevails not only among the ladies, but extends even to the men. I was one evening walking with the great O'Reilly in his gardens, and, having my hat under my arm, he desired I would be covered, as the moon in that climate, he assured me, was
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more dangerous than the sun. Such ideas are undoubtedly excuseable in the softer sex, but are certainly unbecoming of a man.

In the whole system of universal government, there may be reckoned two kinds of states: one, which gives greatness to the monarch; and the other, which the monarch must make great. The kingdom of Portugal comes under the latter denomination; but, whatever may be the cause, it at present makes a figure but little respectable in itself, or formidable to others. I was told, that the revenues of the kingdom annually produce near three millions Sterling, which arise from taxes on the consumption; on all lands and property bought and sold; on the profits of tradesmen; on the wages of servants, and even of labourers; from the duties on imports and exports, which are enormous; and from the gold, &c. annually received from the Brazils. This immense sum is squandered, in general, without judgment, upon objects of little real utility to the state; upon a prodigious royal household, without the least oeconomy. The king, who is in debt to all his servants, has, I was informed, some thousands of horses and mules, of which the master of the horse has four hundred at his command. His riches are likewise squandered upon an opera, which costs many thousands annually; upon expensive fortifications, to please the whim of vain projectors; upon a large and ill-regulated army, which had better be reduced, than continued in its pre-

sent unmilitary state; and upon expensive public buildings, and costly decorations to the capital, that pronounce false pride and vain-glory.

In Portugal, caprice and passion are the principal rules of government with the prince; every delegate of power is left to act by the same direction, to strike when he is provoked, and favour when he pleases. The terms *law* and *justice* are mentioned here, as well as in every other country; but the former must ever fluctuate, and the latter is little known. The canon law, owing to the great influence of the Roman pontiff, has been much blended with the civil code, which, mixed with the regulations for commerce, and the royal edicts, form the laws of this kingdom.

However, this kingdom has undergone a great change since the last reign, when the clergy governed the realm; when a bigoted prince, and a superstitious people, indulged their enthusiastic rage at horrid *autos de fee*, in watching the torments, and listening to the dying groans of suffering martyrs. The parade of religion still remains; but the force of bigotry, from the great resort of foreigners, particularly English, is much broken, at least in the capital. Now, a priest guilty of a crime against society, is pursued by the civil law, which exerts itself over the ecclesiastic. An edict has been published, to prevent any one, after sixty years of age, from making his will to the prejudice of his heirs; or leaving to churches, convents, or hospitals, above a stipulated

pulated sum. This prevents artful priests from duping enthusiastic dotards of their wealth, under a pretence of expiating their sins, and obtaining for them a heavenly abode.

The Portuguese stage has made but little progress towards refinement. I was at the representation of the tragedy of Beverly, a translation from the Gamester. The performers had no great tragic powers, being cool and languid. In a little farce, the manners of the inhabitants of Brazil were ridiculed with some humour. They represented them as a very formal and pedantic people, and brought them in with a suit of negroes, monkies, parrots, and such like. There was a kind of low wit introduced, which seemed to give greater satisfaction to the audience, than any other part: an old woman frequently breaking wind in her master's face produced infinite applause, even from the boxes. The *sofa*, a dance peculiar to this country, as the *sandango* is to Spain, was exhibited in the farce, between a black man and woman. It was the most indecent thing I ever beheld, and only calculated for the stews, yet no one seemed displeased; on the contrary, the women beheld it with calmness, and the men applauded the performance. The national music resembles the Spanish, but it is by no means so much improved. There is a kind of Brazilian music, which a native played upon the guitar, accompanying it with his

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voice,

voice, and though solemn, it was soothing and agreeable.

In this country, the women have sparkling black eyes, white teeth, and fine hair, to which they add powder and pomatum, in such quantities, that they increase their heads to a most enormous size. They use rouge, but with delicacy, and patch a great deal.

Upon the whole, the Portuguese are an ignorant people, which is perhaps owing to the depotism established in the country. They are obliged to be industrious, from the prodigious taxes laid on every article of consumption; but as the tyranny of their government renders property insecure, industry has only got the length of necessity. The lower sort of people, in general, are revengeful; but stabbing is not so much in use as formerly. Love is the darling passion of both sexes, and their perseverance to obtain their object is wonderful. Jealousy prevails, yet the eyes of Argus do not prevent intrigue, which, when discovered, is often severely revenged. Sapphic love rises predominant here; and the stories I have heard of the females, who indulge themselves in this passion, are almost incredible. The people in general are temperate in their diet, and beef and boiled rice is their favourite food. I had twice an opportunity of dining with some people of rank; but elegance did not prevail at their table. They are as familiar with their servants as if they were their equals; nay, they even go so
far

far as to take a principal servant into their party at cards, if one be wanting to make up the set; yet the people of family pique themselves much on their birth, and would not keep company even with a reputable tradesman.

*Account of the extraordinary TRAVELS of
Mr. BRUCE into ETHIOPIA and ABYSSINIA, in AFRICA.*

JAMES Bruce, Esq; a gentleman of good family in Scotland, and of a handsome fortune, was for some time his Britannic majesty's consul at Algiers; but his curiosity and spirit of adventure prompted him to undertake a series of travels, which must be contemplated with astonishment. Mr. Bruce was excellently fitted for travelling, both by natural and acquired abilities, being above six feet high, and of a size every way proportioned; a firm mind, a determined countenance, and a robust constitution, sagacious, observing, and a very good draftsman.

The compiler of this work does by no means pretend to full or accurate information, of what Mr. Bruce has brought home to enrich the curious stores of this country. He waits with impatience for a complete account from Mr. Bruce's own pen; but, knowing what an ardent desire there is to know something, in
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the mean time, he hath collected a few striking particulars for the entertainment of his readers.

Mr. Bruce being master of several modern languages, particularly the Arabic, he traversed Egypt with an ease, such as that which a native of one kingdom in Europe traverses another. But Egypt only served to increase his curiosity, and made him resolve to penetrate into Ethiopia, visit the kingdom of Abyssinia, and explore the sources of the Nile.

Abyssinia has become an object of interesting and pleasing attention in Europe, since the publication of Dr. Johnson's tale, entitled, *Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia*; a work in which that eminent writer has displayed a rich fund of moral instruction, embellished with oriental imagery, and rendered interesting by a well-conducted story, in the tissue of which several real facts concerning that country are interwoven.

The Portuguese Jesuits, whose spirit cannot be enough admired, by means of their missionaries, made an establishment at Abyssinia, and civilized its people in a considerable degree. One of the jesuits, Pere Lobo, has given us an account of Abyssinia in a quarto volume, with a map of the country; but what is very remarkable, the discovery of the origin of the Nile was, so far as we know, reserved for Mr. Bruce; at least, no European before him is said to have gone so high. Lobo has traced the Nile up to a large lake in Abyssinia,

Abyssinia, called Dembea; but there it was lost, as perhaps none of the Portuguese ventured further, for fear of the crocodiles and alligators, and the savage people roaming about. Mr. Bruce advanced with intrepidity beyond the lake of Dembea, into which he perceived the Nile to flow; and ascending up the country along its margin, he at length reached three springs, which burst from under a mountain, and give birth to this wondrous river, the subject of so much enquiry, and of so much superstitious veneration.

It is indeed not easy to account for the source of the Nile; mysterious to the ancients it certainly was. Dr. Johnson observes in the Rambler, that "curiosity is heightened in proportion as the powers of the mind are elevated and enlarged." Lucan introduces Cæsar speaking with dignity suitable to the grandeur of his designs, and the extent of his capacity, when he declares to the high priest of Egypt, that he has no desire equally powerful with that of finding the origin of the Nile; and that he would quit all the projects of the civil war for a sight of those fountains, which had been so long concealed. Mr. Bruce may exult in having attained to what imperial Cæsar so ardently wished for in vain. He found the Nile compressed in some places between rocks, into such narrow bounds that he could leap over it.

The Portuguese jesuits, having fallen into the common error of their society, engaged in

in political schemes; and the Abyssinians having discovered their design to subject the country to the pope, they were all put to death, with an indignation suitable to the ferocity of the Abyssinians, and for which, it must be owned, there was but too good an apology. Since that time, the Abyssinians have relapsed into all their former barbarism; and it has been the established law of the country, that any Frank, by which name they call all Europeans, who shall presume to enter it, should be cut off without mercy.

This was a formidable bar in Mr. Bruce's way; but he persisted in his enterprize. He dressed himself as a Syrian, and proceeded into Abyssinia as one of that nation, till he reached the residence of the king. His helmet one day unluckily fell off, and it was discovered that he wore his hair. This, and other circumstances, made it strongly suspected, that he only pretended to be a Syrian, and was in reality a Frank. Upon this discovery, the people were going to stone him; but as the Europeans are much famed in Abyssinia for their knowledge in physic, Mr. Bruce happily availed himself of this; and having before learned, that the Abyssinians were much troubled with agues, he had taken the precaution to bring along with him a large quantity of bark, which he administered with great success: so that those barbarians, from gratitude for the relief they had received, or rather perhaps from the principle of attention
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to their own good, which actuates mankind in general to a kind of secondary benevolence towards others, preserved his life.

By degrees he acquired the language of the country, which has a considerable affinity with the Arabic; and being held in esteem, he got into the confidence of the king, who, as a mark of distinction, made him lie upon a skin at the door of his own chamber, and carried him along with him when he went to war. The king was by no means a man of extraordinary abilities, but was of a most despotic disposition, for the exercise of which he had ample room in the government of Abyssinia. The sovereigns of that country boast of as long a line as is that of the kings of Scotland, which Churchill has very well ridiculed in his *Prophecy of Famine*:

“ That ancient seat, where majesty display’d

“ Its ensigns—long before the world was made.”

The Abyssinians hold, that their first monarch was the son of Solomon, by the queen of Sheba, at that interview she had with him, so highly to her satisfaction; so that, according to the Abyssinian history, that princess did more than see his wisdom. The Abyssinians, however, cannot boast, that Solomon’s wisdom has been communicated to his descendants who swayed the sceptre over them; for besides the present king, whose capacity appears but of an inferior kind, the king, who reigned when the Portuguese jesuits pushed
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the extension of the papal authority, was so weak a man as to be persuaded to favour their scheme, on which account he was dethroned by his people.

The universality of the feudal system may justly be held as a strong proof of its consonance to the nature of man, and of its universality the evidence is always increasing. Mr. Banks and Dr. Solander found it in the islands of the South Sea; Mr. Bruce found it in Abyssinia, where, although there are vassals of every gradation, there are no slaves. The rule of succession among these people is lineal in all families, without distinction of sex, except in the royal family. Among them is a rule similar to that of the Salique law in France, so that males only are allowed to succeed to the throne.

The territory of Abyssinia is extensive, and very mountainous; but its mountains are not to be compared with the Andes or the Alps, and are not even so high as some of the mountains in Scotland; yet their height is such as to have effect in breaking the clouds, so as to produce a deal of rain, which lasts for six months in the year, when the people remain in a state of careless inactivity. During the other six months, their king leads them out to war, as they are in continual hostilities with the neighbouring nations. Their army is composed both of cavalry and infantry. The men and horses are of a small size, as is the case in most mountainous countries, but they have much activity and spirit. Their arms are
bows

bows and arrows, slings, guns, shields, and coats of mail of chain work. There is no money in the country, but they carry on a tolerable commerce by barter; their vallies being fruitful in grain, and their hills in vines, of the produce of which they make a strong red wine. They also make mead, and have black cattle and sheep in abundance. They can therefore afford to send out such a proportion of their commodities, as to procure themselves guns, shields, and coats of mail, which they get chiefly from Ispahan. They have the art of making gunpowder, which is extraordinary, considering their rude state in other respects; but they were probably taught this by the jesuits. They are remarkably dexterous in the use of the sling, with which they throw stones of a great weight with vast force and much exactness of aim. Their guns have only match-locks, so that the firing of them is a tedious and awkward operation, and they do not depend much on the execution that is to be done by them. Their method of firing them is thus: a man has a pole, into which hooks are fixed at different heights. He sticks this into the ground, and rests his gun upon one or other of the hooks, according to the altitude of the object which he intends to hit. He then applies his lighted match to the touch-hole, and so causes the explosion.

Mr. Bruce had some guns with firelocks and flints with him, which he recommended; but the king treated them with indifference,

having observed that they once or twice missed fire, which guns with match-locks never can do. Match-lock guns made a considerable part of the arms used in the wars of Gustavus Adolphus, and we find them as late as in the army of Lewis the Fourteenth. Mr. Bruce was with the king of Abyssinia one half of the year engaged in the war, and during the other half he had full leisure, which he employed partly in making drawings of such scenes of that country, as seemed most deserving of his attention.

The people of Abyssinia know little of the art of building, and live in huts, some of which are formed of the branches of trees, others of mud, and some of mud and stone together. There are villages, or collections of these huts, which contain a large number of inhabitants; and what is called the capital, consists of about twenty-five thousand souls. The king has a large house or palace of stone, which was built by the jesuits. It has turrets, a square in the middle, and a gallery round it. It is of such a size and strength, that the king might defend himself in it against all Africa, were it not that, by a strange inattention, its situation has been so chosen, that there is no well within it.

The colour of the Abyssinians is not, properly speaking, black, but rather a dusky, tawny, or copper colour; and some of them, who live under the line, are very fair. The country is cold enough, for a part of the year, to require the use of fire; and the trees, of

which there are great plenty scattered every where over the country, furnish plenty of fuel. The people, especially the lower sort, have very little dress, and none, but the king, have coverings on their heads.

Their religion is a kind of coarse Christianity, with a considerable mixture of Judaism. They have a great many monks, and their sacred establishment is a species of the Greek church, dependent upon the patriarch of Alexander. The light of the gospel beams upon them very faintly; for they are a fierce and a cruel people, a strong instance of which is their manner of eating. Not satisfied with devouring raw flesh, their custom is to eat collops cut from live animals, which they tear to pieces with their teeth while warm and palpitating with vital motion. The flesh of an animal, after it is dead, is considered by them as quite unsavoury. The most expert butcher, therefore, among them is he, who can cut most flesh from a beast before it is deprived of its life; for doing which the utmost attention and nicety is required, so as to avoid the great arteries, or those parts, the destruction of which will soon bring on death. A company of Abyssinians at dinner is a horrible spectacle: they are seated, each with a cake made of flour in his hand; live cattle are brought to the door, and the inhuman butcher cuts morsels off them, which are instantly carried into the company, who lay them upon their cakes, and eat them directly, all bathed in tepid blood of the miserable animals, whose

lowings and groanings, through violence of anguish, serve for a dinner bell or music to these shocking barbarians.

It may well be believed, that Mr. Bruce, after having remained above two years in Abyssinia, would be very desirous of leaving it. But this he found a still more difficult matter than getting into it; for he had become of importance to the king, who therefore seemed resolved never to part with him. One day, when the king was in more than ordinary good humour, he told Mr. Bruce, that he would grant him any thing he should ask. Mr. Bruce seized this opportunity, and told the king, that, as he did not keep his health in that climate, and was anxious to return to his native country, he hoped he should obtain permission to depart. The king seemed astonished at his request, and was at first in a furious rage; but recollecting himself, he, for his oath's sake, like Herod of old, determined to give up his own inclination.

Mr. Bruce had by this time collected a good many drawings, and a number of Abyssinian manuscripts. That people have long had the art of writing, and have a great deal of such history as they compose, for which materials cannot be deficient, as there are perpetual wars, and as the king always carries an historian with him, to record the transactions of each campaign. Mr. Bruce having packed up his books and papers, and provided camels and servants to attend him on the journey,

ney, he quitted the capital of Abyssinia, giving out that he should travel back to Egypt by the way he came; but, being justly apprehensive, that the king would change his mind after he was set out, and indeed having received intelligence, that there was a design to seize him and bring him back, he took a quite different course. Instead of travelling a great way in Abyssinia, he struck off directly for the desarts of Nubia, in getting at which, he was not long in the king of Abyssinia's dominions. He had a dreadful journey for thirty days, through sandy desarts, scorched with the intense heat of a glowing sun, and swept by winds of so pestilential a quality, as to kill both man and beast, if their lungs were assailed by the noxious blasts.

In the course of this journey, Mr. Bruce lost all his camels, and all his attendants, except one man. During their whole peregrination, they did not meet with any wandering tribe whatever. Mr. Bruce, and his surviving attendant, being unable to carry the baggage, and reduced to an almost desperate state, he left his curiosities in the desert, and with his faithful attendant walked on they knew not whither, only keeping towards the east, and hoping that they should fall in with some inhabited place. His shoes very soon went in pieces, and he was then obliged to struggle along upon his naked feet through burning sands, and over rocky places, till his feet were prodigiously swelled, blistered, and lacerated. However, at the end of eight days,

they reached the town of Siana, in the dominions of the grand signior. Here the aga or officer of the janissaries treated them with a good deal of humanity, though he often reproached Mr. Bruce very roughly on account of his being an infidel.

Mr. Bruce begged to have camels and attendants to go back with him into the desert, that he might recover his books and papers. "Of what value (exclaimed the aga) are any books or papers that you can have, you infidel!" Mr. Bruce then told him, that he had several receipts for curing distempers, among his papers, which it was a pity should be lost. The aga listened to this, and allowed him camels and attendants. With these he set off; and, as fortunately no wild wanderers had been at the place, he found his baggage just where he left it. He went and came in the space of four days upon a camel, that journey, which it had cost him eight days to come on foot, when worn out with fatigue and distress.

One misfortune still awaited Mr. Bruce, of which he had no apprehension. In Nubia is a species of gnat, such as is found in some parts of the West Indies, which, when it stings, deposits in the human body an egg, which becomes a worm of a spiral form, that screws itself deeply into the flesh. One of these gnats had bitten Mr. Bruce in one of his legs. He scratched it, and it became more and more irritated, till at last it was discovered that a worm was lodged. To those who are acquainted

acquainted with the method of taking out these insects, nothing is more easy than gradually to unscrew them; but the person, who attempted to relieve our traveller, broke the worm, which is always attended with very bad consequences; and Mr. Bruce's leg was in so bad a state, that a gangrene was apprehended, and a French surgeon proposed amputation; but Mr. Bruce, luckily for himself, opposed this being done. By degrees, however, the venom was removed, and he recovered perfect strength and soundness.

Mr. Bruce afterwards visited the interior parts of Africa, where he discovered the finest remains of Roman magnificence now extant. The climate of this country is so fine, that rain and frost are there equally unknown; the stone, therefore, is not in the least discoloured, nor the carved work impaired. In one part, it is believed in the Mauritania Cæsariensis, he found an amphitheatre, better than that of Nismes in France, or Verona in Italy. It is built of the finest white Parian marble, and must have been a work of immense labour; for there is no such marble in Africa, and it is situated above four hundred miles from any sea-port; so that the marble of which it is built must have been first brought a great way in ships, and then transported above four hundred miles by land carriage.

*New Description of the CAPE OF GOOD
HOPE, and of the NATIVE and DUTCH
INHABITANTS.*

THE establishment which the Dutch East India company have made on either side of the Cape of Good Hope (the extreme southern point of that great continent which comprehends Europe, Asia, and Africa) extends, according to computation, 450 miles eastward and westward, and 250 towards the north. To the honour of the Mynheers let it be said, that since first they achieved their independence by actions the most heroic, and perseverance the most wonderful in the annals of the world, they for once regulated their public conduct by the laws of justice; for the territory, in which they planted this colony, they acquired by fair purchase, without fraud, without treachery, assassination, or oppression. At the same time it ought, in truth, to be remembered, that this single instance of the equity of the United Provinces prevailing over the passion of avarice, was not so much owing to the virtue of the community as to that of an individual. Mr. Van Riebeck, a surgeon, who exercised a power, which devolved into his hands by chance, according to his conscience, purchased with baubles an unlimited possession, in a temperate climate, at
a price

a price below four thousand pounds sterling. Thus having so advantageous a bargain, the Dutch dared for once to offend against their nature, and be just.

In this extensive domain, the population amounts nearly to 17,000 of fair European descent, and about 30,000 slaves, Africans and Asiatics. The original natives of the country, who are called Hottentots, and who are of a mild and tractable disposition, have been easily reduced to the condition of obedient subjects. They are a quiet and inoffensive people, useful to the Dutch in many respects, particularly in the management of flocks and herds of cattle. They have been very much misrepresented in Europe; and it is surprising, that the fictions which have been propagated concerning them, should so long have gained credit in the world. It is not true, that they are accustomed to eat raw flesh, or that they entwine their bodies with the entrails of cattle. This, perhaps, may have been a custom among them formerly, but is not at this day. At present, they prepare their food with fire, and their cloathing consists of a dressed hide, which is tied like a collar round the neck, hangs down over the shoulders near to the ground, and is broad, in order to wrap round the forepart of the body. Besides this, they wear another covering of skin round the loins, which reaches half way down to the thighs. Sometimes they wear a cap on their heads, and shoes on their feet, of the same materials; and these last are drawn
closely

closely about the feet with leather thongs. Instead of rich oils used by the Asiatics and some of the African nations, the Hottentots anoint the bodies with the fat of cattle. All nations in the world, except Europeans, or those of European descent, use ointment of some kind or other, as a preservative from the colds of winter, and a repellant of the heats of summer. Even the Europeans anointed themselves in former times, and the Muscovites do so still. The Hottentots having few conveniences for bathing, and living in a climate where they are very frequently involved in clouds of dust, have acquired habits of dirtiness; but their skins, when washed, are clear, though fallow. They are in general low of stature; their features have a sameness in them, and are very hard. Their foreheads are prominent, their cheek-bones high, their eyes sunk in their heads and dull, their noses flat, their lips thick, and their hair black and woolly.

The Dutch East India company adopted the plan of an establishment on the southern point of Africa, for no other purpose, than that it might serve as a place of refreshment to their shipping in their Asiatic commerce, and this end they have constantly kept in view. The improvement of their territories at the Cape is not their object; on the contrary, they discourage it as much as possible; it is, however, capable of being brought to the highest degree of culture and population; for the soil, though not apparently rich, is, from
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the general temperature of the air, and alternate dews and sunshine, so kindly vegetative, that it nourishes, with very little culture, whatever the husbandman, the botanist, or the florist, chuses to commit to its bosom. Thus it is calculated to produce whatever is requisite to the increase of stocks, horses, and cattle; and, at the same time, to produce whatever is necessary to the comfortable subsistence of the human species.

The first appearance of the face of the country, as well as of the soil, is unpromising. The richest spots and vales are mixed and sometimes surrounded by mountains and sandy deserts; but even the vallies, the gravelly soil, and the abounding droves of horned cattle and horses, render the communication between one place and another neither difficult nor expensive. The country being thus variegated, and formed by the hand of Nature into several districts, is more delightful than if it had been an immense plain bounded only by the ocean. The greatest want of this country is that of timber for building, and even for fuel. The east side of the promontory, and the inland parts, are the richest, and capable of the highest cultivation. The two principal ports, with regard to commerce, are Table Bay and False Bay, which are always safe, and so formed and sheltered, as alternately to yield security against two prevailing winds, which are peculiar to that meridian. There are other bays very fit for navigation; but the policy of those chartered sovereigns,

sovereigns, the East-India company, has drawn a veil over the true knowledge of them. The same jealousy that hides this knowledge of the ports, prohibits the inhabitants from transporting, under any pretence, their produce and effects to the principal towns coastwise by water.

The excellent wines of the Cape, if encouraged and improved would yield to none in taste, flavour, or delicacy; and without being either so fiery, or so liable to fermentation, would be found to possess all the salutary qualities of either old Rhenish or Madeira. Its grains are not inferior to those of Sicily; aloes, succotra, myrtle-wax, salt, and paints, it is capable of furnishing in profusion, as also indigo, cotton, and tobacco. It might be made a staple of a valuable slave trade, of whale oil, ivory, and ostrich feathers. It contains virgin copper, and copper ore; and the appearance of the soil, in many places, indicates the possession of the precious metals. These and other articles might be the subjects of an extensive trade to India, America, and Europe, and contribute, as well to improve the exports of a generous parent state, in manufactures from the raw materials, as to favour, in the most important instances, the balance of trade, especially with France and Spain. But the Dutch East-India company restrain the discovery of mines from principles of policy, and from the same motives which induce them to check the improvement of the country.

Most

Most families manufacture their own leather, make their own apparel and shoes, and most of the articles of their household furniture; so that they are obliged to import from Europe and Asia only the gross materials, such as woollens and cottons, draperies and silks, and a few of the simplest articles of conveniency, and still fewer of luxury. They require few tradesmen, because all mechanical services are, for the most part, performed at home, as of old among the Greeks and Romans, by slaves. The servant, who waits at table, is equally dexterous at his knitting and sewing needle, scissors, cutting-knife, the awl, the axe, the saw, the plane, the trowel, and the painting-brush.

Their streets are spacious, airy, and regularly laid out at right angles; and they seem to have inherited and preserved the cleanliness of Haerlem and Delft; but there is one inconveniency, which they cannot remedy by all their industry, and that is, the strong squalls of wind, which often force themselves through narrow passes between the surrounding mountains, and raise dust in the streets, in troublesome quantities, in spite of the frequent applications of water from canals and occasional gutters.

The women are cloathed with skins, as well as the men, wearing the wool outwards in summer, and inwards during the winter. They wear one skin over their shoulders, the ends of it crossing each other before, and leaving their necks bare. Another skin is

fastened round their middle, and reaches down to their knees. Such of them as are ambitious to please, adorn themselves with necklaces of shells; for, even in this country, the women have their charms, which they endeavour to heighten by such arts as are peculiar to themselves, and would meet with little success elsewhere. With this view they grease their faces, necks, and all the naked parts of their bodies, with mutton suet, in order to make them shine. They also braid or plait their hair, to appear with an additional elegance. An Hottentot lady, thus bedizined, has exhausted all the arts of her toilet; and, however unfavourable Nature may have been to her with regard to shape and stature, her pride is wonderfully flattered, while the splendour of her appearance gives her the highest degree of satisfaction.

We shall conclude these particulars of the Cape of Good Hope, with an account of the method in which they hunt the elephant. This animal is always sought for by the hunters on the banks of rivers, where he is attacked in the following manner. The huntsmen, well mounted, set out on the expedition. Two of them ride about the plain, while a third carefully watches the elephant, as he goes to drink at the neighbouring river; when, having given notice to his companions, he begins the attack, by piercing the side of the beast with his javelin while he is drinking. On this, the wounded animal immediately pursues the aggressor, who rides directly towards
his

his companions on the plain. One of them then attacks the elephant in his turn, in order to divert his attention from the object of his pursuit. Accordingly the beast, enraged anew by a fresh wound, neglects his first antagonist, and pursues the second; when the third person draws him off from the pursuit of the second, by the same means as the second diverted him from that of the first. In the mean time, the poor creature loses a vast quantity of blood, which the fury and agitation he is put into cause to flow in great abundance. If he survive these three attacks, the first hunter attacks him again; and thus is the poor beast engaged by their successive assaults, till, wearied out and spent with the loss of blood, he falls to the ground. In this situation there is no danger of approaching this formidable animal, when they saw off his tusks, the length of which is proportioned to the age and strength of the beast.

However, this method of hunting the elephant is extremely dangerous, if attempted on rough ground, as appears by the following facts. Three Dutchmen, who had lived some time at the Cape, and got a great deal of money by this kind of business, being about to return to their native country, had a mind to take their leave of the sport, by one more hunt, for their diversion. For this purpose they fixed on a plain, that unluckily was not sufficiently secured from the mole-hills; which are very large and hollow in that country. The chase began successfully; the second hunter

hunter having given the attack, and got to some distance from the elephant, when his horse stumbled on a mole-hill and fell, and thereby gave the furious animal time to come up to him. The elephant then seized hold of the rider with his trunk, and threw him to the ground. Then seizing the horse in the same manner, he threw him to a considerable distance. After this, returning to the dismounted hunter, he took hold of him again, and tossing him up in the air, caught him, as he fell, upon the point of one of his tusks, which ran quite through his body, and thus held him empaled in the middle. In this situation, the savage animal kept him a long time, turning himself about, and presenting the horrid spectacle to his other pursuers; at the same time seeming to take a pleasure in the writhings, cries, and sufferings of this unfortunate and expiring hunter.

